THE COSHOCTON AGE.

Entered at the Post Office at Coshocton as Second-class Mail Matter.

THE RIGHT OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT IS ABSOLUTE IN EVERY AMERICAN CITIZEN.—Garfield.

VOLUME 60 — COSHOCTON, OHIO, SATURDAY, APRIL 5 1884. — NUMBER 14

Business notices on this page are charged for at ten cents per line each insertion. Black type fifteen cents brevier measurement. Display advertisements not inserted on this page. Transient advertisements 50 cents per inch

LOOK out for $20 silver certificates marked B1487415X B1467X, they are counterfeit.

SERVICES at the Baptist church next Sunday at 7:30 o'clock p. m. Sabbath School at 9:30 a. m.

SAYS the Cincinnati News-Journal: "Col. E. J. Pocock is the most military looking of the military."

DON'T forget the open meeting to be held by Richard Lanning Post G. A. R., in Roscoe, next Thursday evening

MR. CHAS. PEACOCK has engaged in the work of sign painting and is turning out some very creditable work for business houses in town.

LITANY Service and sermon at Trinity Church Friday evening at seven o'clock. Evening Prayer and sermon Sunday evening at seven o'clock.

SERVICES at Grace M. E. Church next Sunday at the usual hours. Sunday School at 9:30 o'clock, a. m. Business men's meeting at 3 o'clock, p. m.

MR. IKE SCHANTARBER has disposed of his business at Newcomerstown, and will hereafter be found at the palace clothing store of Dave & Ike in the Forbes' Block.

MR. EBENEZER MILLER is dangerously ill of inflammatory rheumatism at his residence in Buck Eye City. Mr. M. was formerly a resident of Newcastle township, this county.

MESSRS. ROBERT BOYD and John Davis have entered into a co partnership for the sale of agricultural implements. They will hold forth in the City Hall building.

MR. W. S. PALMER has engaged in the manufacture of boots and shoes, in connection with his leather and findings business. Mr. John Speckman is foreman of the work shop.

ESQUIRE LEWIS CORBETT, of Adams township, left Coshocton Tuesday for Mirable, Mo., where he goes to look up a location. His first intention is to view the Lankford farm which is advertised in this journal.

JACKSONTOWN, near Newark, is almost depopulated by scarlet fever, which is leveling old and young alike. Many have died, and some more are expecting death. Business is suspended, schools are closed, and the streets deserted.

MR. FRANK BACHMAN, a well-known stone cutter, died at the residence of his brother, in Coshocton, last Sunday, aged 32. Consumption was the cause. He was a native of Austria, and has been a resident of the United States for fourteen years

THE lightning last Tuesday night shattered a large tree near the residence of Mr. Jacob Powelson, on the north edge of town. The shock was so great as to stun Mrs. P., and Mrs. Williams, a neighbor, was knocked from her chair and somewhat injured.

THE Government supplies headstones for soldiers' graves without charge. Any one knowing of a soldiers' grave being unmarked, by sending, name company and regiment of the deceased, to John M. Compton, Coshocton, O., a stone will be procured.

THE Musical Institute which has been in session at City Hall for the past two weeks under direction of Prof. Case, of Akron, will close tonight (Friday) by a concert in City Hall. Prof. N. L. Glover will assist. If you are a lover of music by all means attend.

MR. E. W. GLOVER is making a wide reputation as a musician. He is Coshocton's only representative at the Cincinnati College of Music, and from a pupil he became an instructor. The Commercial-Gazette recently spoke very highly of his performance at a concert and praised him in preference to all others.

LINTON township sends the following delegates to the County Convention: T. J. McCartney, T. J. Cook, E. G. Abbott, Samuel Wiggins, J. A. Mayhugh, R. A. McClure, Willis Kinner and Richard Fowler.

Alternates: A. Z. Furney, Wm. Wolfe I. B. Bassett, Charles Conley, I. D. Parker, James Magness, Lewis Baker and Thos. F. Magness.

A COMMUNICATION from S. H. E., the weather prophet is at hand, in which he casts some very pointed criticisms upon his critics of the Cambridge Democrat and Marion Independent. He still affirms the correctness of his former predictions, and closes by predicting that the year 1884 will be a bad one for beekeepers, but that 1885 will be an extremely good one for honey. He promises further predictions.

TO hang three worthless loafers in Jackson Co., O., has cost the farmers and property owners $7000. A treasurer has skipped out of that county with $11000. To convict Berner the black hearted murderer of Hamilton County of man-slaughter, must have cost a large amount of money. Well might Nast employ his pencil in portraying citizens at work on the stone pile chained by heavy weights, taxes rent etc., while a burly convict sits idly in his cell smoking and drinking at his leisure.

THE Cleveland and Marietta railroad station at Post Boy, three miles south of Newcomerstown, was destroyed by fire Tuesday night. The post office and telegraph office were in the same building, and Mr. John Sheets occupied most of the building with a dry goods store, and his entire stock was destroyed. No one can tell how the flames originated. The loss to Mr. Sheets is $1,500. Insurance, $1,000, in the California.

JACKSON township Republicans send the following delegates to the County Convention: Wm. Maxwell Sr., O. P. Simpson, Wm. H. Crawford, John Mirise, E. C. Gleason, J. N. Edwards, L. A. Parrish, J. M. Carhartt, Stillwell Squires, Frank Wright, D. R. Porter. Alternates: S. S. Waddle, Joab Agnew, Wm. Decker, J. L. Daugherty, Perry McDonald, Hugh McKee, Stuart Masten, Timothy Starkey, Chas. Mayer, Geo. Norris, Elisha Swigart.

THE ladies of the Roscoe M. E. Church will give a supper in the Town Hall in Roscoe, on Thursday evening, April 10th, for the benefit of the church. Supper will be served from 5:30 p. m. until 7:30. After the G. A. R. campfire at the M. E. Church, the doors will be again opened and all who will are most cordially invited to participate. Come and hear Comrade Clark, old soldiers, and then call upon the ladies at the hall. All are invited to both the campfire and supper. Admission to supper, 25c

SAYS the Cambridge Jeffersonian: "Otsego has been in a quiver of excitement over one of the greatest little lawsuits ever known in this region of country. The parties to the suit were Phineas Sprague and E. McAllister, wealthy farmers. The matter in dispute was an old window sash, which the evidence showed to be worth forty cents. It was a jury trial, with Judge J. A. Mayhugh attorney for the plaintiff and Barrister Thos. J. McCartney for the defendant. Verdict for the defendant. Costs of the trial, $63.

C. H. MATTHEWS, senior editor of the Ohio Democrat, of New Philadelphia, presented a bill of $7.55 to Jacob DeGreif, proprietor of the Argus, of the same town. DeGreif presented his fist, and assumed a pugilistic attitude. Ed DeGreif, the son of Jacob, interfered at this stage of affairs, and snatched the immortal crown of glory from his dady's brow by knocking out the unoffending old man Matthews in one round. The DeGreifs then took advantage of the old proverb, "He who fights and runs away may live to fight another day."

WILLIAM W. JAMESON died at the residence of his son, on North Monroe street, near Hamilton, Tuesday, March 25, 1884, after a short illness of valvular disease of the heart. He had been a resident of this city but a few years. He had a great many friends who will be sincerely sorry to hear of his death. He died at the age of seventy-seven years and six months.—[The Peoria Daily Transcript.] The subject of the above notice was well-known to the early settlers of this town. His first wife was a sister of Dr. S. H. Lee, and the deceased wives of Messrs. J. and C. H. Glover were his daughters.

REV. AND MRS. J. H. CONLLE desire to thank the many members of the church and congregation, who came to the family residence on last Friday evening, bringing smiles, songs and substantial gifts of love and appreciation.

ADOLPHUS CUTCHALL, a young man aged about thirty years, living near Chili, this county, last Thursday while engaged in cutting down a tree was struck on the head by a falling limb and his skull fractured. An indentation of the skull about the size of a silver half dollar was relieved by the doctors drilling a hole at the edge of the indentation and prying up to their proper place the fractured and depressed pieces of skull bone, thus relieving the brain of a pressure that must have produced death. Drs. Gaitard, of New Bedford, and Volz, of Chili performed the surgical operation. On Saturday the condition of the patient was comfortable and hopeful.—[Democrat.

THE Democratic Convention last Saturday evening was a tame affair. A fair representation of respectable Democrats was present and a few Republicans. The scurvy element of the Democracy was there in abundance, and with much gusto renominated the present incumbents. For Street Commissioner there were two candidates—Mr. McDowell and Mr. John Pharion. Mr. Pharion was the choice of a goodly portion of the party, and his tickets were printed and circulated, but the tricksters in charge completely froze him out by naming Mr. McDowell and nominating him by acclamation. To smooth matters over there was a pretense of nominating Mr. Pharion for Councilman, but he was again defeated. The ticket as nominated is as follows: Mayor, J. T. Simmons; Clerk, George C. McNeil; Treasurer, Martin McManus; Marshal, George Kiser; Street Commissioner, Charles McDowell; Councilmen, A. N. Compton, Fred Biggs, Michael Denzer. A part of the ticket is composed of good citizens, and socially, pleasant gentlemen, but the present incumbents who were renominated have characterized themselves by gross incompetency, approaching very near, in some cases, to misfeasance in office, and with these acts the people are familiar. It is not necessary to specify, because all observing citizens know thereof. As compared with the Republican ticket, no good citizen should have hesitancy in deciding how to cast his ballot. A vote for the Democratic ticket will mean endorsement of acts that the better class of people do not approve. In the afternoon of Saturday the following Democratic township ticket was nominated: Trustees, John Tish, John McCabe, J. B. Manner; Clerk, Wm. E. Gosser; Treasurer, John B. Crowley; Assesser, Richard L. Besst; Constables, George Kiser, George W. Ellis, Robert McGill.

ON THURSDAY morning of last week the remains of Edward Thompson, a man about thirty years of age, were found in the haymow of the livery stable of Mr. Richard Neighbor, in Newcomerstown. He had been on a spree, and it is supposed had gone into the mow to sleep and there died. The coroner returned a verdict of death from exposure. Mr. Thompson was a telegraph operator of ability, and has held responsible positions on several railways. During the past winter he had united with the church and was attempting to lead an upright life, but the demon strong drink took possession of him and dragged him to death. The Index in reporting the finding of the coroner, says that behind the verdict is "a question which suggests itself to every man. It is this: Why was Edward Thompson subjected to such exposure as to result in his death? Within a stone's throw of this tragedy was the sheltered home of this unfortunate young man. Within that home was a Christian father and mother, and a loving sister, and Edward would not only have been received with tender, loving hands, but would have been compelled to come in and be sheltered and nursed had they but known of his whereabouts. As we write, the broken-hearted mother sits apart from the world, and asks as she prays, "why did they rob me of my boy?" Edward Thompson is dead because of drink. Whisky is at the bottom of it. Doubtless he obtained this whisky in Newcomerstown. Some citizen of this community, protected by its laws, having sons of his own, possibly, is worth—say three shillings—more than he would have been had Edward Thompson not bought the liquor which produced the "exposure" that led to his death. We do not know who you are. Doubtless you would rather this community would not know who you are. But we want to ask you one question. Do you consider yourself accessory to the death of Edward Thompson? Down in your heart don't you wish that the three shillings of Edward Thompson were back in his pocket instead of your own, and he were alive again? Did you hear the agonizing cry of the stricken mother as they carried home her dead boy, and fancy that may be, by and by when your boy grew older, your wife might be stricken in the same manner? If not, why not? If somebody had pinned on that corpse this—"Take Notice, this is a fair sample of my work"—and have signed your name below, would not the community have said your advertisement was the God's truth? And would you have dared say the advertisement was slanderous? If so, in what respect?

FROM a copy of the Raton Comet published at Raton New Mexico, we learn that the Northern New Mexico Stock Growers Association will hold its annual Meeting on Monday April 7th. The Comet speaking thereof says: "The selection of a new president will we think, be an embarrassing matter, in some ways. There is very little jealousy among our best cattle men and many who would most creditably fill the position would more earnestly support a neighbor than urge their own claims. We speak of this matter in this way because Col. Dwyer assures us in the most positive manner that he must not be considered a candidate for a re-election: that he wants all the members of the association to know of this in advance of the meeting so that there may be no hesitancy in selecting the best man, and of learning who that man is to select. That Col. Dwyer has been a most energetic, faithful worker for the association is granted by every man, and he has given freely and largely of his time and means in its interests. It is mainly due to his pertenacity and his faith that the association has prospered as it has. That he should now feel that others ought to take up the work and go on with it is only natural and indeed simply justice. The association owes him a large debt of gratitude, and they should do no less than express it. Who his successor is likely to be we can find no one willing to form an opinion. Some of the very good men mentioned here said they could not accept it. But without feeling or without rivalry the meeting, composed as it will be of sensible men, will go on and choose a complement of officers who will continue the affairs of the association in the carefully guarded channels that have brought so much prosperity in the past twenty-four months."

Republican Township Tickets

The following tickets have been nominated by the Republicans of the several townships therein named:

Keene:—Trustees, R. W. Thompson, Alexander Adams, J. Calvin Boyd; Assessor, J. Calvin Boyd; Clerk, W. W. Bechtol; Treasurer, D. R. Parkhill; Constables, W. R. Phillips, J. Calvin Boyd.

Jackson:—Trustees, Thomas Wilson, John D. Price, John McDonald; Treasurer, Martin G. Hack; Clerk, Henry Carhartt; Assessor, Thomas C. Lowery; Constables, Jacob Underwood, John D. Trego.

White Eyes:—Trustees, George Balch, John W. Norman, Frederick Barth; Clerk, John W. Dickey; Treasurer, Thomas Hamilton; Assessor, Jonas Brown; Constable, David Penington.

Pike:—Trustees, Daniel A. Ashcroft, George A. Magrauder, Montreville Cochran; Clerk, John W. Hoover; Treasurer, Frank Chaney; Assessor, George Magrauder.

Bedford:—Trustees, Herrod Ralston, David Johnston, B. F. Jones; Treasurer, T. B. Tidball; Clerk, F. M. Fortune; Assessor, Harvey Cullison; Constables, Albert Howlett, A. J. Freeze.

Bethlehem:—Trustees, H. Courtwright, G. S. Mowery, A. McConnell; Treasurer, Robert Finley; Clerk, Lewis Waters; Assessor, W. T. McConnell; Constables, Charles Bantum, W. T. McConnell; Justice of the Peace, Joseph Davis.

ACTIVE canvassing agents who can give unquestionable references can secure desirable and remunerative employment by canvassing this county for subscriptions to the "Musical Visitor," an independent monthly journal of music; subscriptions $1.50 per year, including premium. All applications must be made direct to John Church & Co., Cincinnati, O.

MODERN BABYLON.

Adventures of the 17th Regt., O. N. G., on its Trip to Babylon—Its Reception and Subsequent Fortunes

The members of the 17th Regt., O. N. G. were somewhat surprised, on Sunday morning, to be hustled out of their warm, cosy quarters in Coshocton and vicinity, and still rubbing their eyes, to take the morning train to Cincinnati, the seat of Ohio's great war. On account of a wreck at Taylorsville, between Newark and Columbus, a part of the regiment was massed at Newark until noon, when it started for Columbus, where it was joined by a remnant of Co. F, which started from Coshocton at 1 o'clock, p. m., Sunday.

Col. Pocock was met at Union Depot by Gov. Hoadly, who said: "Colonel, here are 30,000 cartridges. Be careful of them. Don't use them unless necessity demands it, but if you do have to use them use them well. The Lord has His day, the devil has his, and it will be our day next." After dinner at the Depot dining rooms, the 17th boarded a special train on the Little Miami, and was soon advancing to the rescue of the beleagured citizens of the Queen City of the West.

The boys had been singing when the special pulled out of Columbus at 2:50 amid a dense crowd of citizens. Berner had been caught and safely landed at the penitentiary a few hours before, yet a blaze of excitement still continued in the city. The boys began to quiet down after leaving Columbus, and as the solemn Sabbath sun sank slowly in the West, men grouped here in the cars, either discussing the situation or looking out over the rough country, calmly taking in the passing landscape.

At London some rough fired into the car, but luckily no damage was done. Large bodies of men collected at the different towns along the route—Xenia, Morrow, Loveland, Hamilton and other places, but no further demonstration was made. As the train approached nearer and nearer the seat of war the faces of men and officers wore a determined look. Ammunition was issued, the officers primed their side arms, and things began to look rather serious. The officers on the train were Col. E. J. Pocock and Captain Price, of Coshocton, Captains Worden, of Newark, Beckhardt, of Zanesville, ——— of New Lexington, Adjutant S. Roe Robinson, Quarter Master C. W. Montgomery and Quarter Master Sergeant M. Phillips.

The train was pulled in at the Miami depot, and after some delay the old 17th marched through the streets for about two miles, followed by a silent, determined mob of men and boys. Up Fourth street they marched, when some big brave on the street announced, "If we should open on you boys we would paralyze you." "You may eat your supper in Cincinnati, but you'll take your breakfast in hell," sounded from the other side of the street.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, marched the boys, not a word, not a tremor. Bum-bum, pop-pop resounded away to the right in the vicinity of the Court House, and all breathed a sigh of relief when "column right!" was heard at the Central Police Station on Plum street, between Eighth and Ninth, where Gatling guns bristled in front, and the brave 6th was intrenched. Once safely behind the guns, rations of potatoes, sandwiches and hot coffee were issued, and the hungry men prepared to fortify for heavy duty.

Co. F was detailed for another march of a mile through the worst quarter of the city, to help the police guard a colored murderer who had in the excitement of Sunday murdered another negro, and of course this fresh murder had caused the attention of the populace to be directed to the Hammond street station, and threats were freely made to tear down the station, and prevent the rioters there from killing the soldiers and hanging the colored murderer. Co. F expected hot work. Fortunately, just at that time an attack was made on some wholesale gun stores, the jail and Music Hall, the streets were almost deserted and the Co. passed through unmolested, and continued unmolested during the night.

The 17th had quite a send off at the very start, for Col. Pocock was placed in charge of all the troops in and about the Central Station; Capt. Price and his men were given one of the most critical points, and Co. B had a regular skirmish and captured about 20 rioters.

The station house on Hammond street, where Co. F is stationed, sheltered 150 tramps, two rioters, one burglar, one murderer and one boy gone crazy under the excitement of the occasion, and who imagines he is Berner.

Up to 10 A. M. to-day (Monday) Gen. Durbin Ward, Adjutant General Finley, and other prominent men are in and about headquarters at the Central Station House.

On Monday morning the 17th was called into the Central Police Station, and there with several other companies of different regiments, waited all day for orders. At six o'clock in the evening we were assigned to duty at the barricades around the jail and the now dismantled court house. Troops came pouring in on Monday afternoon, until the Central City Park and the barricades were packed full of the boys in blue, and the rabble outside, invariably, when a cordon was escorted from the depot to headquarters, hissed and hooted.

NOTES.

The 17th compares favorably with the rest.

Much bragging is done about the gallant 14th in its fight of Saturday night, in which 30 were killed and 150 were wounded.

Capt. Birch, of Hebron, and Capt. Murphy, of Mt. Vernon, reported to Col. Pocock at midnight.

What has become of the Baby Show?

Capt. Price is on deck and will stay as long as any one does.

Berner got better rations than the soldiers Monday morning, but rations improved.

It's hotter than Hades for a blue coat alone on the streets.

On Monday evening Private Bargar had the honor of the first shot, which was an accidental one, and of course he was applauded. He claims that the ball landed on the moon. The 17th was to be left on Wednesday to guard the jail and city. All others were ordered home.

Capt. Price is officer of the day today (Wednesday.)

The 17th slept on the third floor of the jail Tuesday night, in company with 42 murderers, about 80 thieves and 160 rioters, all in cells, and 1000 militia boys scattered in the different halls of the building.

The jail officers say that if all the militia were taken but one regiment, they would prefer either the gallant 14th or the popular 17th, consequently the 17th stays.

Co. F, with officers Captain S. M. Price, Lieut. Gosser, has been on duty 72 hours without sleep. Col. Pocock has been on duty all the time. Quartermaster C. W. Montgomery, of the 17th has had charge of the commissary department at the jail for two days.

Many of the boys board at restaurants in preference to eating at quarters—the cooking and eating quarters being so foul.

One of the Governor's Guard boys shot himself and two others on the jail steps Monday evening. He died Tuesday.

Captain J. J. Desmond, Cincinnati militia, was killed Saturday night while the court house was burning, and he was buried with military honors on Tuesday.

Two thousand extra police take the place of the departed militia.

The 1st Regiment, of Cincinnati, are in a close place. They had to shoot down friends, neighbors, and citizens of their own city. A deep feeling of hatred is shown them, and when the city is left to its own control, fears are entertained that each member will be shot, as the members are all "spotted."

The Commercial-Gazette says "The O. N. G. saved millions to Cincinnati. All honor to the O. N. G." The Enquirer says "It was a mistake to call out the militia." The Penny Post says "Take away the militia, whose reckless shooting destroyed lives unnecessarily."

IRA L. SHARP.

NOTICE TO ASSESSORS:—The Assessors of the several townships of Coshocton county, Ohio, are requested to meet at the Auditor's office in said county, on Saturday, April 12, 1884, at 10 o'clock, a. m., for the purpose of receiving blanks and instructions.

J. W. CASSINGHAM,
County Auditor.

Auditor's Office, April 3d, 1884.

Probate Court.

Alvina Anderson, aged 14 years, was ordered to be committed to the Reform School for Girls, at Delaware.

George Henderson was appointed guardian of Hattie Henderson, Edward Henderson, Christian Henderson and Frank Henderson, minor children of James Henderson, deceased. Bond, $20,000

The last will of Jonathan Ashcraft, deceased, was admitted to probate and ordered to be recorded. Chas. Ashcraft was appointed executor. Bond, $1,200.

The last will of James Moore, deceased, was admitted to probate and ordered to be recorded. Ann Jane Moore, residuary legatee gave bond in the sum of $1,000.

Marriage licenses were issued as follows:

James W. Davis and Alice Maxwell; Silas Maston and Nancy Dickerson; Samuel C. Sullivan and Mary I. Landes; John N. Edwards and Hattie Crawford.

Married.

On the 3d inst., by L. L. Cantwell, Esq., Mr. James N. Parrish and Miss Emma A. Masten.

E. MARKS is offering extra inducements to buyers. Stock must be sold to make room for Spring goods.

FANCY Shirts to please you at Berkowitz's.

Do you want wall paper? Get it at J. F. Compton's, in the Forbes' Block.

THE latest shapes in soft and stiff Hats at bottom prices at Berkowitz's.

Gold and Silver Shirts, the cheapest shirt in the city, at D. M. Moore's the Gent's Furnisher, Schiach Block.

Flowers! Flowers!

Call at the Singer Office, for plants and bulbs. Tube rose bulbs on hand now. Apr. 5-3t.

Just received an elegant line of Ladies' Linen Collars, which we are going to sell at a small profit. Call early and see them before the assortment is broken.

HAY & RANSOM.

IT WILL PAY YOU

To buy Wall Papers and Borders of Dr. J. Anderson & Sons. 22-4t.

Carpet Chain in all colors at Hay & Ransom's.

Don't fail to go to Hay & Ransom's and buy your Carpets and Lace Curtains. Remember that for each and every dollar's worth bought in this department you get a ticket for that elegant Brussels Carpet to be given away July 1st, 1884.

HAY & RANSOM.

FOR SALE: - Jersey heifer calf. Call on or address Mrs. A. H. Thompson, Coshocton, O. 2t.

WALL PAPER at Compton's.

MR. E. MARKS will go to New York next week to buy new goods. In the meantime he is offering extra inducements to buyers, in order to make room for the Spring goods. It will pay you to visit his place of business in the room formerly occupied by Burns, the jeweler.

LOST between Roscoe and Coshocton, or in Coshocton, Monday morning, pair silver framed spectacles, in Roman leather case, with loop or flap cut off. Finder will leave at J. S. Elliott's. GEO. LEREFILLEY.

Soldier Monument

The ex-soldiers and citizens of Lorraine county, Ohio, will shortly unveil a grand White Bronze Soldier Monument at North Eaton. On the tablets will be the names of 150 dead soldiers, who gave their lives that the Government might live; on the four sides of the second base are the names of following Battles. Pittsburg Landing, Nashville, Resaca, Cedar Creek, Atlanta, Antietam and Gettysburg. A cut of this monument can be seen in the White Bronze Advocate of Jan. 1884. No. of design 238, hight, including statue, 25 feet. L. B. WOLFE.

Republican Township Conventions

The Republicans of Virginia township are requested to meet at township hall on Saturday, April 5th, at one o'clock P. M., for the purpose of nominating candidates for township offices to be filled at the election on Monday, April 7. BY ORDER OF COMMITTEE.

Carpets! Carpets! Carpets! in all styles and prices, at Hay & Ransom's.

MOST elegant assortment of Boys' Confirmation Suits at Berkowitz's.

WALL PAPER.

Largest Stock, Latest Styles and lowest prices. Paper trimmed free.

22-4t DR. J. ANDERSON & SONS.

We keep constantly on Hand Clothing made up of our own manufacture, and we guarantee it the same as when we make you a suit to order. Those goods are thoroughly shrunk before being made up; and will furnish you with pieces to repair them when worn.

D. M. MOORE,
The Custom Clothier,
Schaich Block.

WANTED to make and repair your boots and shoes in first-class order. Try me and oblige, W. T. MEANS.

Go to Hay & Ransom's and buy one of those handsome Parasols. Just received a large line.

CARTER'S Little Liver Pills will positively cure sick headache and prevent its return. This is not talk but truth. One pill a dose. To be had of all druggists. See advertisement.

NEW FIRM.

GOSSER & ROBINSON,
successors to
LEE & GOSSER.

Having purchased the entire stock of Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps at a large discount, we propose to offer great inducements to the people of Coshocton county. In addition to the already large and complete assortment, we are daily receiving new Spring Goods, which have been bought and will be sold at the very lowest prices. Our aim will be to please, and whether you wish to buy or not, invite an inspection and comparison. We buy and sell for Cash, and have One Price to All. GOSSER & ROBINSON.
241 Main St., next to City Hall.
Mar. 29-2t.

All brands of Bleached and Brown Muslin constantly on hand, and sold as low as the lowest.

HAY & RANSOM.

HONEY—in one and two pound boxes—at J. K. Johnson's.

NEW Wall Paper at Anderson's. 22-4t

Frasene Silk sold at 5 cents per bunch, or 50 cents per dozen, at Hay & Ransom's. All the shades, call and see them.

BOYS' Knock-about and Wear-resister Suits, $3.50 at Berkowitz's.

Suits made to order, all wool, and guaranteed in every respect, for $15.00, at D. M Moore's Custom Clothier, Schiach Block.

E. MARKS has removed his New York store to the Room formerly occupied by Burns, the Jeweler, where he will be pleased to meet all his old customers, and a host of new ones. Remember one price to all is his motto.

ASK to see our $10 suits. New styles for spring season at A. Berkowitz's.

Full line of Boys' Linen Collars at D. M. Moore's the Merchant Tailor, Schiach Block.

THE imported Percheron Norman Stallion "Solid" will be found during the season at the stable of W. R. Boyd near Canal Lewisville. Stock breeders will find it to their interest to see this horse. SAMUEL MORROW, keeper.

WALL PAPER of all styles and shades at J. F. Compton's.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

Printed in this paper by special arrangement with the author.

SEALED UNTO HIM.*

A STORY OF THE EARLY DAYS OF MORMONISM.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER,

AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF THE SIERRAS," "THE DANITES," "MEMORIE AND RIME," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

A DAY OF SUSPENSE.

It was doubtful from the first how the men sent to execute "judgment" on this poor girl would proceed, as they rode slowly down the hill into the camp. There was no doubt in anyones mind what they would do in the end. But how and by what tortuous roads of cruelty and delay and dismay would they proceed? By what cruel cat-and-mouse means would they proceed to teach their terrible lesson of the vengeance and the power of Dan, "a serpent by the way," "an adder in the path?"

When the sun shines hot and clear, a photograph is taken almost instantly, which will endure a long, long time.

And so it is in and with scenes like this. The blood was at fever heat. The imagination was like flame. Terror of what was to happen fastened all things there firmly as if the world stood still forever. The heart after a little time almost ceased to beat.

Before us to the south, and far away gleamed the great sea of salt in the morning sun. A green island of trees, where a thousand cattle fed, the property of the Mormon church, lay far away towards the other side. It was but dimly visible, yet beautiful, peaceful in its far tranquility as a picture of Paradise.

As the eyes strained and swept across the gleaming sea of salt and rested on this beautiful island, they seemed to want to remain there. You could not turn your head away or withdraw your gaze. There was a fierce fascination that kept the strained eyes looking down and out steadily toward that dim and distant isle of peace and beauty, which was irresistible. The tired eye wanted to rest there forever. Or did the eyes so desire to remain there, far away in fields of beauty and of peace, to escape the threatened scene of blood and peril at our feet?

Beyond the broad and gleaming levels of this sea of salt, still beyond the verdant, restful isle, and right above and over the few scattered fields and farm houses on the near shore, shot the snow-topped towers of the Wahsatch. These magnificent mountains drew an impassible wall, a crescent to the east and north, around the incipient Mormon city. These mighty towers of snow, this strange new people—mad on the subject of religion—called their "towers of strength." They likened them to the white towers that were above the mighty walls of Jerusalem of old. Everywhere, in all things around them, they read the fulfilment of prophecies, Bible traditions and Bible truths. The deserts and the wells in the deserts, the balm-of-gilead trees, even the locusts that sometimes devoured the land—in all these they read, imagined, believed implicitly, that they had here, thousands of miles away from all the world, found a new Jerusalem; that they were indeed the children of the lost tribes—the children of Dan indeed, that should judge the people of the earth as they passed, and be as "a serpent by the way," "an adder in the path."

To the east of this remnant of dried up sea, and close upon the salt-white shore of it, there gushed from the rocky hill-side a little river of boiling water which sent forth its steam in the early morning in a perpetual drift of snowy clouds. These beautiful white clouds rose to the mountain top to the east, and there rested lazily in the sun or cradled to and fro above the Mormon city.

Beneath these cradled clouds, far below them, and yet far above the city, and to the east and to the north, and above our own camp, there was drawn in a precise level the definite and unmistakable shore and surf-line of a great dried-up sea. Hundreds of feet above the black and heavy waters of Salt Lake you can see where the surf roared in storm and tempest when the world was young, tore the rocks to splinters, fashioned caverns, and washed a pebbled strand. These marks will remain while the mountains remain. All around, high up on the hill-top, you pick up sea-washed pebbles, petrified fish of a forgotten age, stones with sea-moss and sea-shells encased in them, and endless evidence that the ships of Solomon might have sailed these mountain tops seeking the land of Ophir.

And yet here was pitiful man, in the heart of all this mystery, in the presence of ever patient and industrious Nature as she tried to fashion a home for him glorious and beautiful, cutting his fellow-man's throat before he had yet fairly sat down to the possession of it all. Was there not sorrow enough here?

Why, these Mormons had been riding, racing, dashing about for days and days to find a single victim to murder. And now they had found their victim. She must die. She was already in some sense dead.

Some one had seen the hand of the giant shoot high and straight and perpendicular in the air as the Danites rode down from the hill. They answered with the same emphatic and silent sign. What did it mean? As they approached the camp, he also approached. He came with a heavy, massive and deliberate tread, as if he owned the earth. He took possession of the place. They entered the camp together. The men looked at the giant for their orders. He motioned them to dismount. They did so, and stood a little apart, holding their hungry and tired horses by long rawhide tethers as they bent their sleek necks to the ground, rattled their steel bits in their teeth, and ate of the green and abundant grass as if it had never been or should be stained with blood.

I know you are clutching your hand here with ferocity toward the one party, and shame and pity for the other. You would have fought, died then and there, or destroyed these destroying angels, would you?

Not so. Braver men were never known than the pioneers of these days. But there somehow fell a fascination on all and always, from these swift and silent fanatics—the fascination of the serpent when it looks in a bird's eyes—that paralyzed the worn and weary pilgrims in these early days. And you search the chronicles in vain for one single act of successful defence. Not one of a thousand murders ever met with any real resistance.

Some believed that this new religion would cover the earth. Men who abhorred it had seen its audacity and power so suddenly and wonderfully developed here in these mountains of Mexico, and no wonder they were appalled and silent before its executioners. It had its believers, too, in every camp No one dared to complain to his neighbor, not even his own brother, or build up plans of escape, punishment or revenge. A man did not trust his own wife. There was but one course to take—to bear all in silence.

Our party had unyoked their oxen; and the large-eyed, patient cattle, glad to be let loose once more, were mouthing the sweetest grass along the green banks of the willow-lined stream. The weary men gradually sank down on the grass in groups; the children clung to their mothers skirts in silent awe. No one spoke to the terrified girl. The large, hollow-eyed leader looked at her a moment; their eyes met. She knew him then. He was her husband. She was an apostate wife, and had been so judged by Dan. The story of the terrible fate of an apostate wife was familiar even to the children who looked on in silent terror.

He froze her blood with a cold stare, and then made a motion with his large left hand, in which he still held a book, to the men with the horses. They took off their bridles from their hungry horses and hung them over the pommels of their Spanish saddles. Then they loosened the sinches of their saddles leisurely, and coming forward they gathered about the elder. They sat down, still holding to their tethers. Then the elder or Missionary began to talk calmly of the beauties of the book of Mormon, and to read and to preach. He beckoned all to draw near, and all drew near, obedient and breathless. With a gesture he bade the pale and terrified girl to sit before him in the gathering circle, and she did so; her great sad eyes lifting to his eyes as the eyes of a bird might lift helplessly to the fascinating eyes of the serpent that is to destroy her.

To be Continued

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To Prevent Fruit Tree Peelers.

Seeing an inquiry in THE AGE by some of the readers for the prevention of fruit tree peelers, I would say that beef liver is the best thing I have ever tried. Some four or five years ago I had some pear and peach trees that the rabbits and sheep commenced to peel. I rubbed them with it and they have never touched them from that day to this. Last fall the rabbits commenced on my young peach trees, and having just killed my hogs, I used hog's liver. I had but three or four touched out of 150, but no damage was done.

I will say in conclusion that it is my bounded opinion that if trees are well rubbed with beef or hog's liver no peeler will do them harm for six months or one year. Rub close to the roots to prevent mice. KINSEY FULKS.

Wakatomika, O.

Clork's Office

Alice Wheeler, plaintiff, vs. Willis Wheeler; petition for divorce on the ground of extreme cruelty.

Isaac D. Severns vs Cordelia Fitzgarles et al. Petition for partition of real estate.

BROADBRIM'S NEW YORK LETTER

Correspondence Coshocton Age.

NEW YORK, March 31, 1884.—One of the sweetest of Sankey's hymns was, "What shall the harvest be?" That question is ringing through New York to-day: "What shall the harvest be?" Two years ago the seeds were sown. W. H. Vanderbilt provided the hall; New York city loaned its police; judges and lawyers, and bankers and doctors sanctioned the outrage with their presence. I make no account of aldermen and such like officials, for ruffianism is their business, and blackguardism their trade. But they were there nevertheless to see the slugger, John L. Sullivan, knock another ruffian out. Now what does that mean? Why, that with a blow that might fell an ox, he knocks his man insensible, so that he can not respond to the call of time. The seed sown on that night has given forth fruit an hundredfold; and sluggers, thieves, and blacklegs hold high carnival all over the city, with none to molest them nor make them afraid. The contests are all with soft gloves, but somehow or other the contestants get beaten to a mummy. In one of these innocent exhibitions last week a boxer got his jaw broken; another had his nose broken; and at another, when the face of one of the pugilists was beaten to a jelly, the successful boxer's hands were seized, and underneath his gloves were found a pair of iron knuckles as capable of dealing a death blow as a slung shot. If the evil ended here, and the full-grown but unhung villains killed each other, though the exhibition might be demoralizing, it would not be unprofitable; but unfortunately it does not end here; it crops out everywhere; and little boys scarcely fit to be away from a mother's care, are organized into bands of highwaymen, their highest types of manhood being John L. Sullivan, the slugger, or Jesse James, the bandit. Scarcely a day goes by that the police are not called upon to break up some band of juvenile thieves that have become the terror of the neighborhood. Only few nights ago four boys, the oldest scarcely twelve years of age, stopped another boy in the street, knocked him down, robbed him of a silver watch, which they pawned for two dollars, and then went off to the theatre on a square.

At no time in my remembrance has the condition of our city been so low and demoralized; and this can be better understood when it is known that our sheriff is indicted by the grand jury and several of the heads of departments have been guilty of forgery and other crimes, which may eventually land them in States prison.

Sunday night saw the last act of the Salmi Morse Passion Play. The old 23d street armory which had previously been a Presbyterian church, and which was altered into a theatre by Salmi Morse to produce his Passion Play, was rededicated to Presbyterian service on Sunday night in the presence of five hundred people. One year ago last December, Salmi Morse sent for me to take a look at the improvements he was making. Several reporters from the principal papers were present, all eager to get the latest items about the production of the Passion Play. The place was thronged with workmen and actors; Mr. Morse was busy signing checks, and full of hope; for, like Col. Sellers, he thought there "was millions in it." To-day he lies in a suicide's grave. The theatre is a church. The magnificent wardrobe made for the Passion Play by Eves, the costumer, was burnt while they were dedicating the church; the loss being between $20,000 and $30,000. As I sat listening to the congregation sing "Hold the Fort," I could not help thinking of poor Salmi. The evidences of his work were all around me. The scenery, the stage, the auditorium, the chandeliers on which he had expended so many thousands, but he failed to hold the fort.

We hardly know what to make of John Kelly's temperance crusade. The memory of man runneth not back to the time when Tammany hath not represented the whisky interest. If Tammany is not whisky, it is nothing. And now John Kelley is doing some old Father Matthew work. If John should turn Tammany into a temperance legion, there would be a triumph which would gain him canonization. The millenium is not near, however, and of this fact we are reminded every day.

In an unsavory locality, known as Hell's Hollow, a couple of drunken ruffians, two weeks ago, outraged a poor tramp and left her for dead. Fortunately, they were caught, and sentenced to State's prison, one for ten, the other for fifteen years. But the saddest part remains to be told. The wretched woman never recovered completly from the shock of the assault; she has been drinking ever since; and on Friday she wandered off, and on Sunday a child of which she had charge was found starved to death in her wretched room.

We are having an unhealthy time with our evangelists. Father Kimball, who for several years has been dispensing the bread of life to our metropolitan heathen, prefaced with crackers, cheese and hot coffee, is sued for a board bill of $125. The evangelist says it is only $20 and he is ready to pay, but his landlady says it is the original figure, and wont take a cent less. Another evangelist sued the destroyer of his happiness and the abstractor of his wife for $100,000, but on trial it appeared that he had been living in a glass house himself, and that he had done those things which he ought not to have done, so the court would not allow him to throw dornicks at anybody else's greenhouse—and he got up and dusted. Bishop McNamara, of the Reformed Catholic Church has been dragged up before the courts for rent, and a bright and shining temperance evangelist ran away with his landlady's jewelry and sealskin sacque, and is, no doubt, enjoying himself in Colorado.

I mentioned in one of my letters a few weeks ago that there was a religious convulsion in the Baptist church of Brooklyn. Several pastors have left, and still the exodus goes on. I do not know that our Baptist brethern are especially beligerent; but they certainly change pastors oftener than any other denomination, if, of course, we except Methodists, who change by church ordinance. And a singular feature is that after a portion of the congregation had succeeded in driving the pastor out, when he was ready to depart the congregation all begin to cry, "they pray with him; give him a first-class character; make him a present of $150; give his wife a new waterproof and a pair of rubbers," and as the carriage drives off with the disgraced minister and his wife there is another general boo hoo as though they had lost the last of their rich relations. There is a good deal of humbugging about this sort of thing. I have in my mind's eye a most excellent Christian gentleman who labored for his flock with all his heart and soul for years. He felt proud of his church and work, which was indeed a labor of love; but his congreagation was divided, and a faction of deacons and trustees followed him with a malignanty that could not have been worse if he had been a convicted criminal instead of a noble Christian gentleman. For years he bore the trial with unshaken Christian fortitude, but at last his spirit broke and he resigned. Last week, the very men who plotted his ruin and eventually drove him out, were loudest in their prayers for his future prosperity, and it would have required a dozen pocket-handkerchiefs to dry their tears when the minister went away. Vive la hypocrite, vive la humbug.

As I prognosticated in my letter of three weeks ago, Anna Wallingford, the adventuress, who had one Hawes arrested for bigamy, is now under lock and key with a fair prospect of State's prison for five years. She has ruined many men, and it will be a fitting close to an ill spent life.

It is not at all complimentary to our police system that a highway robbery was committed on 7th Avenue at 5 o'clock in the afternoon in the presence of several hundred people, and the robbers escaped, after holding possession of the avenue for an hour, and a murder was committed at eight o'clock in the morning in a house full of people, and the murderer got off.

A bridegroom, made happy last Thursday, got all the wedded bliss he wanted in six days, and on Wednesday morning blew the top of his head off.

Everything that is vile and disreputable in the city is leagued against the amendments to the charter now introduced by Mr. Roosevelt, and recommended unanimously by the Committee on Cities. The body politic is now rotten to the core.

The suicide of a wretched girl who endeavored to perform an auto de fe by pouring kerosene all over herself, is one of the most shocking things that ever occurred in the city.

The Irish Dynamite Club is busy at work, if sound and blowing go for anything. The stock market has got the dyspepsia—it needs a tonic.

The weather has been all sorts, and business beginning to boom.

Yours truly, BROADBRIM.

THE NEW NORTH-WEST.

Correspondence Coshocton Age.

PORTLAND, OREGON, March 18, '84.—When the great State of Oregon shall have utilized her farming lands to the extent that New York and New England have subdued their comparatively sterile soil, she will give employment to no less than 10,000 thrifty husbandmen, who will furnish the world with crops valued at a round billion of dollars. With fifty millions of acres of the finest wheat land that the sun shines upon, the arithmetic tells us that Oregon can send out fifteen hundred millions of bushels of this invaluable cereal—more than is consumed by the United States, Great Britain and the German Empire combined. She has two millions of farms yet to be given away, of the average size of those of New England. She has sixty millions of acres of pasturage, an area two and a a half times greater than the great State of Ohio, on whose small proportion of grazing land there are ten million head of cattle and ten million of sheep. She has, with these elements entering into her agricultural resources, the mineral belts scattered over a region 700 miles in width, east and west, and 800 miles long, north and south, a surface, which merely scratched over, has yielded $325,000,000 in the last twenty years. And these belts when thoroughly developed will easily produce the half of the annual output of gold and silver in the United States.

The mining districts embraced within the drainage of the Columbia River, at the present rate of increase, will produce in five years from this date more that $40,000,000 per annum, and furnish employment to more than 50,000 miners. The forests of Oregon of which I treated at some length in my last letter, will be producing in less than a half-dozen years $125,000,000 worth of lumber annually, and that interest will employ no small army of men. In that time Oregon will also be able to market 700,000 cattle, 1,500,000 sheep, and 50,000,000 pounds of wool annually. She will also double upon the 50,000,000 pounds of salmon that she now puts upon the table of the Eastern epicures, and which will yield to her revenue the nice sum of six millions of dollars annually, besides employing 10,000 in the fishery and canning business. A single ship last fall took a cargo of this most delicious fish to Liverpool, the value of which delivered at that port was $300,000. The fish was packed in one pound cans, forty-eight to the case, the average price per case being about $5. Last year there were 1,420,000 cases packed on the Pacific coast, the yield of which was over seven millions of dollars.

Alaska, for the purchase of which we are always upbraiding ourselves, is destined to be quite as important an adjunct to our commercial interests in the Northwest as have been any other of our acquired possessions. Already she experiences the impress of American enterprise, and her few people are making of the salmon fishery almost a distinctive calling. She has five canning establishments, all worked to their fullest capacity, and, of course, are coining money, for the salmon business is a most profitable one While the price of salmon fifteen years ago was more than three times as much as it is to-day, there seems to be some danger that one of these days we shall find the price going back again to the old figures, because of the tremendous draft that our people are making upon the present stock of fish. To guard against the exigency it has been proposed to re-stock the rivers, and invoke the interference of legislation to prevent over fishing. This done, the business will not only receive a gratifying impetus, but those engaged in it will be able to furnish the luxury to our own people at figures within the reach of all, instead of being so largely dependent upon the foreign demand.

THE FATHER OF PROHIBITION.

Why Neal Dow Began His Campaign Which Has Lasted Nearly Half a Century.

Portland Press Dispatch.

To-day, March 20, Gen. Neal Dow celebrated his 80th birthday in a quiet manner. He is still very vigorous, and probably has lost nothing of physical or mental strength within the past few years.

Mr. Dow was a teetotaler from early youth. The custom of offering wine among refreshments at social parties in Portland was largely put down by him and his two sisters, who, the first of all in that city, entertained their friends in large numbers without intoxicants. He was drawn into the warfare against the liquor traffic accidentally.

There was a lady well-known to Mr. Dow and his family, whose husband, an educated man, holding an important public office, was a dipsomaniac. This lady sent for Mr. Dow one day and told him that her husband was away again on a time. Mr. Dow went to a certain rumshop where Mr. Blake resorted and told the rumseller the whole story, entreating him not to sell the man any more liquor. The rumseller replied:

"It's my business to sell rum, and I have a license for it. I'll sell to anybody who asks for it who has the money to pay for it. I support my family by selling liquor."

Mr. Dow indignently replied:

"It's your business, then, to sell rum, and you have a license for it? You support your family, do you, by destroying other people's families? Heaven helping me, I will change all this!"

Mr. Dow led Mr. Blake home, and from that day commenced an active, persistent, unceasing warfare against the grog shops. Innumerable meetings were held all over the State, in small towns and villages as well as in large towns and cities, everywhere denouncing the liquor traffic. When public opinion was prepared for the overthrow of the grog shops, as Mr. Dow supposed, he prepared a bill entitled "An act for the suppression of drinking houses and tippling shops." His friends said it was too radical. He went to Augusta with his bill in his pocket, and had a public hearing in the Representatives' Hall before a joint select committee, which agreed unanimously to report the bill without change. The next day was the last one of the sesison. That night Mr. Dow had his bill printed, it was placed on the desks of the members early in the morning, and on that day was passed through all its stages to be enacted, and went into effect on its approval by the Governor.

Within six months the jails in five of the counties were empty, as well as the houses of correction of Cumberland county. The open liquor traffic came immediately to an end.

Rev Joseph Cook on Prohibition.

Rev. Joseph Cook, in his Boston Monday lecture, talked last week up on Prohibition of the liquor traffic. He expressed a belief that ultimately the Nation at large would adopt constitutional prohibition, and for this belief he assigned the following reasons:

1. The liquor dealers have a clear percentage of profit of about eight cents out of every ten of their sales; and with this vastness of unrighteous income they are likely to be persistent in defending what they call their privileges. The liquor trade is becoming arrogant, defiant, rebellious; and this attitude will rouse the people to declare it an outlaw. "Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad," and on this arrogance of the liquor trade is founded my first hope, not for its regulation merely, but for its extinction. Our ex-Secretary of State, the Hon William M. Evarts, said lately at a New England dinner at the mouth of the Hudson:

"The great problem is whether from small beginnings and this great expansion, this firm and secure edifice for justice and liberty can be preserved, if we allow any selfish or sordid interest, however vehement, to encroach upon our demands that the body of this people shall be kept industrious and temperate and strong. I do not like to see the power of margins dominating over the masses I do not like to see the suffrage used constantly against the power of the great mass of the people without regard to political parties, by combinations of a selfish kind to hold a rod over the aspirations of the public men of the country. I have seen what I never expected to see in a country like this, a new band of LL. Ds.—a league of liquor dealers—that are going to determine what shall be the law and what the methods as between temperance and intemperance in this country. That is not a matter of party; It is a matter of common pride and manhood of the American people"

Let the question of temperance legislation be fairly presented as one between margins and masses, and the masses will obtain victory over the margins.

2. Constitutional prohibition has been enacted already by great majorities in certain States which are not under the control of corrupt cities; and we have yet about twenty such States,

3. Petitions are now before the legislatures of seventeen States, asking for the submission of the question of constitutional prohibition to the people.

4. Statutory prohibition has been tried for a quarter of a century. In Maine, where its execution has been the most thorough, no political party now dares to take ground against it.

5. In great numbers of counties, cities, and towns local option amounts to local prohibition. In Massachusetts, 256 out of 346 towns and cities have refused to license dramshops.

This looks as if the majority of the serious people of this commonwealth are really in favor of prohibition. Constitutional prohibition is only a superior form of local option.

6. It has been found by experience in Kansas, Iowa and Ohio, that men of all political parties, and even many intemperate men vote for constitutional prohibition when it is presented, unencumbered by any other issue, to the whole body of voters.

I have spoken for constitutional prohibition in Kansas and Iowa when it was a beleaguered cause, and, in the golden October days, I was defending this cause in Ohio. It is very serious reading for the whisky rings, the official statement that 323,000 votes were called out in the new mother of Presidents, Ohio, in favor of constitutional prohibition at the very first trial.

7. The ravages of the liquor traffic grow more terrible as cities increase in size. One-fifth of our population now lives in cities of 8,000 or more inhabitants.

8. The ratio of crime in States where liquor saloons are allowed by law is 100 per cent. in excess of the ratio of those States where they are prohibited. Each individual of the Nation pays to the general Government $1.71 annually. Each individual in the three prohibitory States pays five cents and a fraction only.

You are shrewd New Englander; are you? Well, I was not born in New England, but in the commercial State of New York; and yet my ancestry runs back to Plymouth Rock. I have a right to ask you to look at the financial aspect of this question when Kansas, the newest New England, pays to the general Government, for her population, only eight cents per capita, while you are paying $1.16. The difference is applicable chiefly by the action of the prohibitory law in that State, and of license in this. Are you to sit still under this state of things forever? Are you to lie down supinely under the heel of the whisky ring and never protest? You are not New Englanders unless you demand liberation from unjust and unnecessary burdens imposed upon you for the benefit of one small class and in opposition to the interests of the whole people.

9. Powerful new organizations, embracing the whole Nation, such as the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, are demanding constitutional prohibition, both State and National.

10. The liquor dealers themselves fear the success of constitutional prohibition; so much so that they are now petitioning Congress to initiate measures for securing an amendment to the National Constitution forever prohibiting prohibition.

The Burning of Tamanieb

The burning of Tamanieb is a demonstration of weakness rather than of strength. The British army has advanced a few miles from Suakim, and without meeting with the enemy in large force has entered a village which was at one time Osman Digma's headquarters. This village has been burned, and the rebels have been dispersed among the hills. General Graham has no intention of holding his ground, much less of advancing into the interior. The army is to return to Suakim, the campaign being at an end. It is not at an end because Osman Digma has been captured, nor because the rebel chiefs have been induced to abandon him. It is at an end because the British army cannot march under the burning sun, nor prolong a contest conducted on the insidious principles of Arab warfare. A large proportion of the troops were prostrated by the heat before they had gone a dozen miles from the coast. There was, moreover a change in the enemy's tactics. Cautious skirmishing by scattered bands of horsemen had been substituted for fighting with a compact force in the open field. The Arabs had ceased to imitate European tactics and had begun to fight like Arabs—to lure their foes into the deserts and to harass them by continuous skirmishing. From a campaign of this sort the British commander has sunk back in dismay.

Tamanieb, which marks the limit of the British advance, is barely twenty miles from Suakim. The distance to Berber on the Nile is two hundred miles through the Nubian desert. An Indian army, fully equipped for the march, and well supplied with camels for the baggage train, might cross the desert in eighteen days English troops would require a month and would be prostrated by the heat at nearly every stage. The supply of water along the road would be inadequate for a large body of men, and consequently wells would have to be dug. The difficulties of a march across that terrible plain of burning sand under an equatorial sun have rendered the British commander cautious. The plan of opening the road to Berber, which is itself two hundred miles north of Khartoum, has been abandoned. General Graham contents himself with clearing the Tamanieb Valley, burning an Arab village, and ordering a return to the sea, pronouncing the campaign to be at an end. But Osman Digna is still in revolt, and General Gordon is surrounded by hostile tribes at Khartoum.

THE recent marriage of Fred Douglass to a white woman has, it seems, been the occasion of more comment among the colored people than the public supposed. It had the appearance of indicating that the intermarriage of the blacks with the whites was desired by the former, but if an article in the last number of the Western Christian Advocate by Rev. Marshall W. Taylor, a prominent colored minister of the Methodist Church, expresses the sentiments of the race they entertain no such desire. Mr. Taylor declares that miscegenation will be fatal to the elevation of the negro race, and he regards the theory that amalgamation will solve the vexatious race problem as a most mistaken one. The problem must be solved on some other basis, he says, and the race be elevated through its own efforts. "Negro ladies," says Mr. Taylor, "ought to be good enough for negro gentlemen to wed; if not, the all absorbing question and duty of the hour is how to make them so, and to take them as they are until they are better trained and taught. Negroes should marry negroes, first, because they are negroes, and hence essential to the perpetuity of the race; and second, when they shall have become refined, beautiful and virtuous, for the same reason, with the additional one of their winning graces." His position upon the question is thus briefly summed up: First, the negro who intelligently favors amalgamation is either unpatriotic or he is too simple to comprehend its disastrous results to his race; if the former, he is ashamed of his color. Second, white men who adopt and propagate this theory have simply abandoned the conflict and retreated in defeat and confusion from the field of battle for negro manhood. Third, the negro is naturally equal to any, though circumstantially inferior to some other races of men, and requires only the fostering care of right culture, humane treatment, and a fair chance in the race of life to render him the equal of all other nations in ever particular. Fourth, it is the duty of the race, by the highest aims and practices to make its color respectable. Sixth, amalgamation is not only fatal to the elevation of the negro race, but as well to the plans of the Almighty in their creation. Coming from a colored man of Mr. Taylor's prominence, these opinions are likely to attract attention.

DISPATCHES from St. Petersburg represent that the Mervli are pleased with their condition under Russian masters. This should be taken, probably, as very strong confirmation of the opinion held by English, as well as German and French statemen, that Russia, by incorporating Merv into the Empire, has made a tremendous stride toward Central Asia. The ambition of Russia runs still to territorial absorption. It is likely that Alexander III. has inherited from his father the high purpose to force the expansion of Russian power over the wide plains of the East. The pretext is found in the necessities of commerce. Russia has been shut off, to a considerable extent, from the vast Asiatic Continent by a barrier of barbarism. It is a country of great possibilities, with an enormous population, and should not be forever deprived of the influence and benefits of civilization. The tribes of Western Asia have been a source of continuous trouble, preventing commercial development and standing like a wall in the way of Russia's eastward march. By persisting in a policy of quiet aggressien, the Czar has gradually gained ground and now has obtained a firm foothold at the gateway of the coveted region. Leaving British hostility out of view, it does not appear that the Russian advance in Asia will or can be successfully resisted And it is a matter of preference as to which of the two ambitious Powers, England or Russia, shall dominate, there is nothing to indicate that the choice will fall to England. One thing seems very certain—these powers can not jointly occupy Central Asia; and it is quite as evident that Russia's designs do not stop short of military aggression on England's Indian frontier. In other words, events are moving toward a great Russo English struggle for supremacy in Central Asia. The crisis may not come for a year or more, but it will come, and the world will witness a war of gigantic dimensions, with the chances favorable to Russia.

Probate Court.

Marriage licenses issued the past week were as follows: John W. Bradford and Ella M. Caldwell, Lee Shobl and Ella McCoy, Silas Maston and and Nancy Dickerson, Samuel Sullivan and Mary J. Landis, John N. Edwards and Hattie Crawford, Henry Watson and Margaret McGurdy, James Brown and Julia Turner, Lewis Reiss and Anna C. Stilgenbauer, James A. Overholt and Rachel A Miller.

E. J. Pocock, guardian of Benton Miller, filed an inventory of the estate of his ward.

Samuel M. Moore was qualified assignee of Charles A. and Charles F. Moore of West Bedford.

Papers of naturalization were granted to Michael Shea, a former native of Ireland.

A. H. Stillwell was appointed administrator of the estate with will annexed, of Jesse Carter.

The last will of Jonathan Ashcraft, deceased, was filed and application made to have it admitted to probate.

Eliza N. Lawrence, guardian of the minor heirs of C. C Nichols, deceased, filed an inventory of the estate of her wards, and also her second account of settlement.

Naturalization papers were granted to Evan John, a former native of South Wales.

The report of the sale of real estate by J. H. Norris, as administrator of the estate of Joseph Donley, deceased, was confirmed.

W. S. Crowell, as assignee of Isaac Wertheimer, was granted more time for the sale of goods at private sale.

James West, indicted for horse stealing was admitted to bail in the sum of $300.

Application was made to admit the last will of James Moore, deceased, to probate.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE® NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

THE COSHOCTON AGE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

—BY—

J. F. MEEK.

OFFICE: MAIN ST., OPERA HOUSE.

SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1884.

OH in Indiana there is a great boom for Blaine, one dispatch to a daily paper declaring nine out of ten Republicans are for the plumed knight.

THE nitro glycerine house of a chemical works at Gibbstown, N. J., exploded last Saturday, and six persons were killed outright and several injured. The sound was heard miles away.

PRINCE LEOPOLD, Duke of Albany, seventh child of Queen Victoria, is dead. His death was sudden, his health having been good up to the hour of demise. He was a man of learning, a useful citizen, the favorite of the Queen, and univesally revered by the English people.

THE cry of the whisky men was "if Congress does not aid us by an extension of the bonded period, we will be forced into bankruptcy and a financial panic will ensue." Watch now and see how great the panic is. About the only evidence so far observable is that among their own ranks upon being so completely crushed.

HARPERS WEEKLY is out in a strong editorial in which the declaration is made that Blaine would not be a safe candidate for New York. John Sherman would inspire confidence in business circles, and that means that New York's electoral vote would be cast for the Republicans.

THE Coshocton Democrat finds fault with Judge Foraker for pointing out what Democratic newspapers said of Tilden and Payne, and giving voice to the necessary conclusion; and because he spoke of Vallandigham as an "infamous traitor," the editor goes into spasms and calls it villifying and "kicking the distinguished dead." Well, if the editor of the Democrat should undertake to prove that speaking of Vallandigham as an "infamous traitor" is villifying, he would have a rather heavy contract on his hands. By a majority of more than 100,000 that question was settled years ago

THE Danville investigation has opened a new chapter that reads much like those written in blood in the days of the Knight of the Golden Circle Cross-Bones, Night Riders and masked Ku Klux. The testimony taken shows that ostracism and the spirit of hate was never so rampant as at the present time. The Bourbons are thoroughly organized, and every man who does not fall down and worship at the feet of their Baal is threatened, intimidated and compelled to leave the State. With such a condition of things what hope is there of justice being meted out to the colored voters of the Old Dominion or the South. It is said that President Arthur will have a strong support from the Republicans in the South at the Chicago convention. That will be the only opportunity where any strength will be made manifest by the party. No State that was in rebellion will be permitted to help elect a Republican President. The fiat has gone forth, and the people should understand the situation and act accordingly. The vote of the South is to be made solid, even at the expense of the Bourbon dynamite.

IN AN interview a few days ago Gen. Grant stated that he would not go to a dinner party where Mr. Blaine was a guest. In a second interview he explained what he meant in the first one, in this way: "What I meant," said he, "was this: that I would not go to any dinner gotten up for the special purpose of bringing Mr. Blaine and myself together. Of course if General Beale should see fit to give a dinner party, and I should be invited to it, under ordinary circumstances I should accept without thinking of asking him who were to be his guests. I, of course, did not mean to say that I would object to sitting down to a table where Mr. Blaine was a guest." "Have you any personal feeling against Mr. Blaine?" "I have not seen or spoken to him now for nearly four years." "Is not your reason for not desiring to formally meet Mr. Blaine at the present time caused by the misconstruction that would be put upon such meeting?" "That is it exactly. It is for no personal reason. During the last few weeks a number of newspaper paragraphs have been printed, claiming that an alliance was being made between Blaine and myself, and that I had come here for the special purpose of having a reconciliation brought about. Now, I am for one candidate as against all others, and I don't want to have any misapprehension about my position. That is the reason why I should not care to see or talk with Mr. Blaine at the present time."

IN a report of the riot at Cincinnati, which is noted at length elsewhere, appears this significant paragraph:

The police had great trouble in keeping drunken men from getting killed. All the saloons in the neighborhood were doing a rousing business. These saloons are responsible for half the deaths that occurred, as most of the dare-devils were inflamed with liquor.

In that there is a whole chapter. Observing citizens will remember a few years ago after the passage of the Stubbs law and later the Smith amendment thereto, how the Cincinnati saloonists arose in perfect rebellion. Numbers of them were convicted for open, flagrant violations of the law, and though known of all men guilty, they were either acquitted by the hands of modern cutthroat jurors, or else set free by the connivance of disreputable attorneys who stooped to corruption and secured a disagreement. At these flagrant violations of law and corrupt manipulations, the press of the city, or at least a portion of it, winked, and denounced the law as an infringement of personal liberty, and by the most despicable means sought to turn this lawlessness to political effect; and they succeeded. All legislation tending to restrain or control or destroy this giant evil of the century—the saloons—will be approved by the lawless, the Socialists, Communists, cut-throats and devils—and disreputable and conscienceless politicians who court success rather than right, will turn this tide spewed from hades upon the party of law and order and achieve temporary party success. The mob is a legitimate outcome of this kind of corruption and villiany. Although the mayor had ordered the saloons closed after the mob had gained in vehemence and numbers, yet so flagrant have the violators of the law been in the past, these dealers in death and deviltry, these murderous cut throats who pour their fiery liquid down the throats of men and boys and rob them after they are made drunk, paid no attention to the mayor's proclamation, and the police, willing servants of the saloons, made no attempt to enforce the commands of the mayor.

The rural communities of the State can not control Cincinnati affairs. If the Queen City of the West insists in following in this channel, the law abiding citizens of the other parts of the State cannot change her course; but they have it in their power to crush out King Alcohol in their own communities and by example show to Cincinnati that good government and moral peace comes therefrom. Every day it becomes more apparent that the saloons must go, and that the Republican party will be the one to make them go. Speed the day!

SAYS the Columbus Sunday Herald:

The editor of THE COSHOCTON AGE is a good Republican himself, but when he comes to coolly dismiss into the Democratic ranks all Republicans who do not agree with him on the liquor question, he will probably be called on to exhibit his authority. The Herald thoroughly agrees with him on the beer and liquor issues; but those issues are no tests of Republicanism whatever, and there are thousands of just as good Republicans as THE AGE or the Herald that don't agree with either of us regarding them.

THE AGE has no desire to dismiss into the ranks of the Democracy any Republican who does not agree with our belief on the control or destruction of the saloons. It is not necessary to read any one out of the party. Republicans who will desert the party because of the stand upon the temperance question are now few and far between, because they have already gone over to the ranks of the beer bosses. It is true, as the Herald suggests, that there is great diversity of belief among Republicans as to the proper way to deal with this question. Some desire absolute, unadulterated prohibition; others want local option; high taxation with a local option clause finds advocates, while still others desire the Scott law without further amendment; but one and all desire that law and moral forces shall rule; that the saloon element shall be crushed from the position they have assumed: the right to dictate party policy and name political candidates. Upon this question there is no dissension; and there will not be retrogression. The Republican party, the party of ideas, the party of progress, the party of reform, will go bravely on in the course upon which they have started, until that solution is evolved that the combined wisdom of the state and nation believes to be the best one. The Republican party from its organization has been aggressive; it has asserted with all its power its convictions upon public questions, and it is for this reason that it has achieved the splendid deeds of the past, and it is for this reason it has the brains and moral strength of the country. Upon the liquor question it can pursue no other course. Radical in the past, it must be radical in the future. It is the life of the party, it is the life of the nation; and when questions of morality and good government present themselves, it will be radical still. These words may not fit into the hearts of timid Republicans, who desire party success always rather than right, but the early leaders of the party did not stop to consider whether their radical ideas in regard to slavery were popular or not, it was sufficient for them to know that they were right; and so upon this question, for

Right is right, since God is God,
And right the cause shall win,
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

Whisky Downed

The whisky men form a powerful element in political affairs, but the people are awakening to the fact and propose to meet them in a way that shall demonstrate to them that moral and business forces shall rule. The most crushing defeat they have met with was in Congress last Thursday upon the proposition to extend the bonded period. The proposition was an outrageous one both from a business and a moral point of view.

Manufacturers of that which is a National curse, not a benefit, have no right to ask Congress to extend them aid; and this they now realize. Neither have they from a business point any right to expect favors that would not be extended to others. They manufactured this "overproduction" of whisky, as they called it, knowing that the tax would be due at a certain time, but so certain were they of their political influence that they went ahead, confident in their ability to not only ask, but compel Congress to come to their aid.

But there is a different feeling among the people. They have seen their acts long enough, and no sooner was the proposition introduced, than from every part of the country there was sent up a protest that meant defeat for any who favored it. After long discussion in the House the bill came to a vote last Thursday, and it was overwhelmingly defeated, the vote being 187 against, to 83 for. It was crushing. The most ardent opponents of the measure had not counted upon a majority against of more than 25 or 30, but public sentiment succeeded in converting others who had been slightly in favor of it at first. The Tribune, in commenting on the defeat, says:

The country is to be congratulated on the decisive defeat inflicted in the House yesterday on the whisky men. There was no probability of the whisky bill becoming a law, even had it passed the House, but its crushing defeat will teach Chairman Morrison and his friends a lesson which may be of service to them. It will also be useful to the whisky lobby. The testimony before the Windom Committee in 1882 proved that the whisky men raised $700,000 to pass the bonded extension bill. They failed in the last House, and now they have failed again, notwithstanding the favorable report from Mr. Morrison's committee. The result will be wholesome in reducing the production of whisky. The refusal to pass a similar measure in 1882 led to a reduction of the product from 105,000,000 gallons in that year to 74,000,000 gallons in 1883. Another such a falling off will be a National blessing. And if, as the distillers threaten, the whisky goes out of the country to escape taxation, the people will bid it good riddance. It has been fitly characterized as the dynamite of modern civilization.

Infamous Scoundrels.

Judge Foraker made a speech to the Republican city convention in Cincinnati last week, a report of which appeared in the columns of THE AGE. Referring to Tilden and Payne, two Democrats prominent in the Presidential candidate discussion, he spoke of the reports that had been set afloat by Democratic newspapers, and deduced the conclusion that if one half of these reports were true then "Tilden and Payne are two of the most infamous scoundrels that ever disgraced American politics."

The assertion is true. No observing man can dispute it, and lay claim to honesty; or if he does, then he has not been a reader of the Democratic press. Some of the Democratic journals, notably in Cincinnati, passed some severe criticisms upon the utterance of the Judge, but he silenced their batteries with one stroke, by referring to a scrap book in his office, from which he reproduced the utterances of the Enquirer and News-Journal concerning Tilden and Payne. We find space for only a few of each.

From the Enquirer of June 5, 1876:

There are a few facts concerning Sam Tilden which we trust will sink into the minds of Western and Southern Democracy.

1. He can not carry his own State of New York in November.

2. He can not carry any Northern State.

3. He is a hypocrite, a political swindler, has long been a public plunderer, and is really the only disreputable candidate prominently named on the Democratic side.

4. * * *

5. He has sought this high office by methods so unprecedentedly shameless and disreputable that it would be an everlasting stigma upon a Democratic convention to nominate him, and a reproach to the American people to elect him. * * * * It could not but be that the man educated in cunning, in hypocrisy, in iniquity, nominated in corruption and in shameless effrontery, even though his millions could elect him, would give us the most corrupt administration the country has ever known.

JUNE 21—From the careful resha, that appeared in the Enquirer on Monday it is evident that Sam Tilden is exactly the hypocrite, the dishonest man, the greedy, lying accumulator that we have insisted he is.

Commenting upon the election of Payne to the Senate, the Cincinnati News-Journal of January 9, 1884, said:

The exposure of the past few days has been disgraceful to the last degree. To the honor of the Democracy there has been a complete exposure. It is bad enough that there is such a state of affairs; it would have been infinitely worse if this could have carried on its operations without exposure.

Bad men, corrupt men, men who, by means of money or ability to use the bummer element for their own ends, have acquired brief standing, place, and power; men who, stripped of money, would be the tag end of the lowest element in society, have made it necessary to expose their foul doings. In a few days they will be complaining bitterly of exposure and denouncing those who have exposed their rascality for disgracing the Democratic party. The public, fortunately, no longer doubts. Their deeds and their efforts and the exposure which has befallen them make it certain that the disgrace will be assigned where it belongs—to those who have done or attempted disgraceful deeds.

And on January 7 the following appeared:

The proof of the corrupt use of money in the senatorial contest is furnished by our dispatches this morning. In this contest between the people and the monopolies, between bullion and brains, between honesty and corruption, the honest masses demand a knowledge of every official act of their agents, and to secure this right there must be an open ballot in the caucus to-morrow night.

January 15, 1884, Senator Thurman said:

The gentleman who has been nominated to succeed Pendleton does not represent the sentiments of the party, but the sentiments of a faction of the Ohio Democracy which owes its existence and success to a persistent practice of the worst methods known to politics.

When this was made known, according to the News-Journal,

In McLean's headquarters, the lids were lifted off the furnaces of hell and the sulphur boiled over. Oaths of unexampled profanity and obscenity were belched forth, and the discomfited bribe-givers grew frantic and livid with unutterable anger.

These are only specimens of what might be produced. We have in this office a scrap book largely made up of clippings from Democratic newspapers, in which comments similar to the above are given; and as Judge Foraker stated, if one-half be true, then it is conclusive that these shining Democratic lights are infamous scoundrels. It is purely a Democratic criticism of prominent leaders in their own party, and of course there can be no animadversions if Republicans occasionally refer to those statements and draw necessary conclusions.

People's Telegraph.

A bill to provide cheap telegraphy has been introduced in the House and referred to the House Committee on Post Offices. The Postal Telegraph Company, of New York, has made a proposition to Congress to furnish facilities to the Government for popular telegraphy, hence this bill. The Company offers to undertake the transmission of the people's telegrams and postal business, using a steel core copper-covered wire of much greater power than the common wire, under the following conditions: It will transmit at rates much lower than the present rates; it will do this free of all expense to the Government, except that it will require offices in the Post Office buildings of the country. These things the Company offer to do on instruments claimed to be vastly superior to the ones now in use, capable of transmitting much more rapidly also.

The provisions of the bill may be summarized as follows: The United States is divided into two sections, which may be designated South-eastern and North-western divisions. Rates in these divisions are to be, day, 25c each 20 words or less, and 10c each additional ten words or less; night, 15c for each 20 words or less, and 10c each additional 10 words or less. Excepting between cities near each other, where rates will be fixed by especial agreement, not falling below certain limits.

Between these divisions as above, rates on day messages are to be 50c for each 20 words or less, 20c each 10 words or less; night messages, 25c for each 20 words or less, and 10c each additional 10 words.

All press messages, invariably 75c per 100 words day, and 50c per 100 words night.

No monopoly is given either the Postal Telegraph Company or the Post Office over present or future telegraph companies.

The New York Herald, commenting editorilly upon the bill and proposition, favors both, for the following reasons:

First—It requires no appropriation of money from the Treasury.

Second—It does not increase the number of Government employes or office holders.

Third—It secures a uniform and very low rate for post office telegrams over large regions—for instance, a uniform rate of twenty-five cents for twenty words, exclusive of name and address, for all distances between the Atlantic coast and the Missouri river, with lower rates than these between main points and short distances.

Fourth—It places the post office telegraph as completely under control of the Government as though the Government had built the lines with the money of tax-payers

Fifth—But it does not give the Government a monopoly of telegraph which would be as mischievous as the present Western Union monopoly. It does interfere in any way with the operations of the private telegraph companies.

Sixth—It does not require the Government to buy out any existing lines, and thus saves the country from the risk of an enormous swindle.

The bill also provides for a reduction on messages to compensate the Government for delivery where post-offices deliver. The bill will probably be reported favorably by the committee.

Democratic Love for the Soldier Again Demonstrated.

A New Philadelphia special to the Cleveland Leader says: That intense and undying love that the Democracy have for the ex-Union soldier was fully demonstrated by the Board of Public Works at Columbus yesterday. Jacob Darst, of this place, late color guard of the gallant old Eightieth Ohio, and wounded at the battle of Mission Ridge, was an applicant for the position of Canal Superintendent in this sub-division. He had streng papers, being endorsed by the county officers of this and Coshocton counties, also by the leading citizens, members of Democratic county committee, and by the Grand Army Post of this place and Coshocton. Mr. Darst has been a life long Democrat and was in every way worthy and entitled to the position, being the only soldier applicant for the place. Notwithstanding all this the Democratic Board of Public Works ignored all the claims of Mr. Darst and appointed Adam Miller, of Oxford township, this county, to the position. This, too, after they had given out the most positive assurance that Mr. Darst should have the place. After being thus snubbed, Mr. Darst asked for the return of his papers, and to add insult to injury, this Democratic soldier-loving Board informed him that they had forgotten his documents and left them at their several homes many miles away. At the same time Mr. Darst was positive they were not out of the office. And this is the manner in which the Democracy recognize the soldier, and as brave a one, too, as ever carried a gun. The old comrades in this section will not soon forget the outrage.

THE growth of the National Capital has certainly been phenomenal, says a Washington correspondent. With a population of 8,144 in 1800, it has doubled in eighty years since over twenty-two times. The census of 1810 showed 15,471, an increase of 89 per dent.; in 1820, 23,336, an increase for the decade of about 50 per cent.; in 1830 an increase of 26 per cent., or a population of 30,261. In 1840 the census showed an increase of about 11 per cent.; the population being 33,745. The decade ending 1850, the population was 51,687, an increase of 53 per cent. The next ten years to 1860 the population increased 45 per cent. to 75,080. During the war and up to 1870 the growth was very rapid, aggregating a population of 131,700, an increase of 75 per cent.; and for the last decade up to 1880, the increase was 35 per cent., making the population as shown by the census, 177,924. Taking the increase of the last ten years as a fair basis of judgment of the future, in 1890 the population will be 239,792, and in 1900, A. D., 323,656. The figures shown by the last census do not include tens of thousands of our winter residents, nor other thousands who are in the various public offices, whose homes are in Maryland and Virginia, along the various railroads running into the city. These, with the cumulative power, the wealth, refinement and culture now so potent, will certainly at the end of the sixteen years still remaining of this century, give a population of 500,000. That day will see this city the Paris of America, the most beautiful capital in the world.

WESTWARD the course of King Alcohol takes its way. May it be drowned in the Pacific is the earnest wish of all. Nugget, a paper published at Eagle City, the metropolis of Coeur d'Alene, the new mining country in the Northwest, says that "though no gold has yet been mined the saloon-keepers have struck a bonanza, and take in from $250 to $400 a day each. Flour is $60 a barrel, bacon and ham 50 cents a pound, and stoves from $40 to $150 each." See here, young man, if you are out of money don't go there; and if you have money don't go there. If you want to go west to grow up with the country, go to Iowa or Kansas, where the saloonist is an outlaw and is hid in dark cellars if permitted to live at all, but where, in most places, he is not found. Don't go where the children of the horned imps of hell take in $400 a day for poison.

NOTES BY THE WAYSIDE.

STARK county has sixty-seven lunatics in the Northern Ohio Asylum Perry county has about one thousand loose.

THE subscription price of the Buenos Ayres, S. A., Herald, is six dollars in gold or $160 in paper currency.

THOMAS DOWLING, of Menaport Ill., had $2,690 burned but was able to identify $1950 of it so that he did not lose all.

AN Iowa six-year-old boy weighing two hundred pounds, died last week Sunday. He traveled formerly with a show as "the baby giant."

A PATIENT in the insane asylum at Columbus crawled through the bars of a window in the fifth story, leaped to the ground and died in a few minutes.

A MAN in Navarro county, Texas, sued a man for one cent for a wagon standard. The lawyers' fees and the other costs made the standard cost the debtor $50.

A GIGANTIC swindle has been unearthed. It is the Ledger Loan Fund Co., loaning sums of $100 and $500 to subscribers with no security, but payment of interest.

A NORTH CAROLINA negro nurse girl administered a dose of rough on rats to a little ten months old baby left in her care. She said she was tired of carrying the child around.

A NEW YORK paper call "Man" is vehemently calling for a law to allow women to prefix Mrs. to their names whether married or not. It is very evident the editor of that paper is an old maid.

A BRAINERD Minnesota man, named John Green fell between the cars while riding home, his clothes caught on the brake-rod and he was dragged a distance of four miles, leaving a trail of blood and flesh behind.

GEORGE M. RILEY, a St. Louis man, and his wife quarreled because she would not deed him land to think up. She drenched him with hot coffee and he riddled her with five bullets and then shot himself, so neither have the property.

A WELLSVILLE, N. Y., woman, suddenly insane, got her four children in line, placed the muzzle of a gun to the forehead of the front child intending to shoot so as to kill all of them. The bullet lodged in the head of the second child and the other two fled.

SOME Michigan young men went out from Saginaw to serenade a young married couple. On their return they tried the same on an irritable old "Deutscherman" who received them with a shot-gun and killed one of their number. The old German fled.

THE Governor of Louisina has asked the Government for aid in the floods. He asks an issue of rations about the same as 1883. The waters have swept away lives and destroyed a large amount of property, having reached within 2½ inches of the flood mark of 1883.

CHAMBERSBURG, Franklin county, Penn., has a female deputy sheriff. Every man in that county will commit some crime so as to be collared by her, and to hear the delightful click click of the trigger when pressed by her lovely taper fingers.

TWENTY-FIVE young men of Bogerford, Penn., are a novel lottery company. Each of the men bound himself to pay one dollar per week for a year into the funds of the company. Every two weeks they buy a gold watch for fifty dollars and raffle for it. One young man has drawn three watches already.

LEAP year has proved a blessing to one bashful soul in an Indiana town. His girl popped the question, hired the minister, rented a house and furnished it in every particular, then led the blushing groom to the home her love had provided. What further she did is not stated, but it is to be presumed she builds the fires, feeds the pigs, wears the breeches, and some time in the future will hire the lawyer, bribe the judge and procure the divorce in regular Benedictine style.

"GOD" will punish you," shouted Guiteau, shaking his long bony hand toward his prosecutors and the jury. Since then Corkhill has lost his office of district attorney and has but little practice; one of Corkhill's associates took to drinking heavily and is now a sot; two of the jury have failed in business, two have died and one is hopelessly insane; three of the medical experts who testified on the matter of insanity have died and one is hopelessly insane, while J. W. Tilden, the chemist who discovered poison sent in a bouquet by Mrs. Scoville, has lost his reason and is now in an asylum.

IN Sanderville, Georgia, there was a negro uprising last Saturday evening, and the militia were called out to quell the mob. They were incited to the demonstration by the speech of a negro communist who declared the negroes were serfs, and the only way whereby they could free themselves was by a demonstration such as took place.

BIG SINNERS IN BIG PLACES.

Dr. Talmage Talks upon the Crimes in Political Life—The Great Evil is Intemperance.

Dr. Talmage has announced a series of sermons, of which the following is the first, and which will treat of the following topics: Should divorce be made more easy? Are the theatres of America improving very rapidly in high moral tone? Can the unpardonable sin be committed in our time? Is modern spiritualism a revelation or a swindle? Shall monopolies rule everything? Is life worth living? Is death a good thing? Why does God let Satan and sin continue, when with one blow He could annihilate them? How shall we meet this immensity of foreign population? Are the dead aware of the honors done them and the garlands put upon their graves?

Preaching Sunday last, he chose for a subject "Big Sins in Big Places." The text was a double one, the first part being from Psalms xxvi:10, "Their right hand is full of bribes," and the last part from Ecclesiastes x:16, "Woe to thee, oh, land, when thy king is a child, and thy princes eat in the morning."

As introductory Dr Talmage remarked that the morals of a nation hardly ever rise higher than the virtues of the rulers, and then referred briefly to the history of some of the European countries and the condition of affairs at different times and under different rulers. Speaking of the United States he declared:

"I do not believe there is any nation on earth which has more noble minded and purer hearted men in places of authority than this nation. There is not a meeting of legislature or congress or cabinet but has in it the best specimens of Christian character—men who would not accept a bribe; whose cheeks have never been flushed with intoxication; whose lips have never been smitten with blasphemy, or stung by a lie; men whose speeches against wrong and in behalf of right make us think of the fiery words of the Scotch covenanters, and of the daring challenge of Martin Luther, and of the red lightning of Micah and Habakkuk. I do not think that our legislatures and political councils are as corrupt as they were in the olden time. I will not believe it so long as I read in history of Aaron Burr, stuffed with corruption until he could hold no more—body, mind and soul soaked in abomination, the debaucher of the debauched, yet a member of the State legislature, afterward attorney general, afterward United States Senator, and last of all Vice President of the Union.

Other evidences of corruption in the past history of the country were referred to, when coming down to the proper treatment of the subject in hand he said:

PUBLIC WICKEDNESS.

In unrolling, then, this scroll of public wickedness, the first thing I mark especially is incompetency for office. If a man seek for a place and win it when he is incompetent, he is committing a crime against God and a crime against man. It is not a sin for me to be ignorant of medical science; but if, without medical attainment, I set myself up among professional men, and trifle in my ignorance with the lives of those whose confidence we have won, then my charlatanism becomes high-handed knavery. The ignorance that in the one case was innocence, in the other case becomes a crime. It is not a sin for me to be ignorant of machinery; but if I attempt to engineer a steamer across the Atlantic, amid darkness and hurricane, holding the lives of hundreds of people in my grasp, then the blood of all the shipwrecked is on my garment. But what shall we say of men who attempt to engineer our State and National affairs over the rough waters without the first element of qualification?—men not knowing enough to vote "aye" or "no" until they have looked for the wink of others of their party. So we have had legislative and congressional committees to make tariff and homestead bills, and arrange about the fisheries, and think out the best way of collecting indemnities—men whose incompetency has been the laughing stock of the country. In this country to-day qualification for office is not the question, but "How much has the man done for the party?" And so we had a congressional committee that made one tariff for flaxseed oil and another for linseed oil—not knowing, in their stupidity, that flaxseed oil and linseed oil are the same thing. No depth or length or breadth of disqualification in this country hinders a man from holding office. The polished civilian of acknowledged intergity, profoundly acquainted with the spirit of our institutions, is run over by the great stampede of men who rush out from their bloated and unthinking ignorance to take the positions of trust in this country. So we have had, in some parts of the country, school commissioners nominated in a grog shop, hurrahed for by the rabble, hardly able to read their own commissions when they were handed to them; judges of courts in important cases giving the charge with so much inaccuracy of phraseology that the thief in the prisoner's box was more amused at the stupidity of the bench than alarmed at his own prospective punishment. We arraign to-day incapacity for office as one of the crimes to be seen in our national and state councils.

I unroll the scroll a little farther, and find intemperance and the co-ordinate crimes. I admit there has been some improvement in this thing. Senators notorious for their drunkeness are either dead or defeated to stay at home. The grog shop that used to flourish in the basement of the capital where senators once went to get inspiration for their speeches, has been abolished, although it is said that there are places in the capitol where members can get very strong lemonade. The plague is not yet stayed. I knew a man who, only a few years ago, was an example of integrity and honored everywhere. I went to Washington. I had not seen him for years, and I thought I would send my card into the House of Representatives and call him out. The card went in by the Sergeant-at-Arms, and my old friend that I had not seen for ten years came in staggering drunk! In this country the temptations to intemperance in public life are so great that more of our men in office die of delirium tremens, and the kindred diseases that come from intemperance and an impure life, than from all other causes combined. There is one weapon that slays more senators and congressmen and legislators and common councilmen than any other, and that is the bottle How few of the men who were in prominent political offices twenty-five or thirty years, when they died came to honorable graves! The family physician, to relieve the family and national disgrace, said it was gout or it was epilepsy, or it was obstruction of the liver, or it was exhaustion from patriotic services! But God knew it was whisky! It was the same habit that smote the great man down that smote the dark villain down in the dark alley. The one you wrapped in a coarse cloth and threw into a rough coffin and carried out in a box wagon and put down in a pauper's grave without prayer or benediction The other gathered the pomp of the city, and his name was on silver plate, and lordly men walked silently and uncovered beside the hearse with tossing plumes, on the way to a grave soon to be adorned with a marble pillar with four sides, which shall be covered with the story of the man who died of exhaustion from patriotic services. The difference between the two was this: The one put an end to his existence with log-wood rum at two cents a glass, and the other perished in a beverage at three dollars a bottle. I write both of their epitaphs. On a shingle over the pauper's grave I write it with a lead pencil; and on the white shafts of the senator's tomb I cut with a chisel: "Slain by strong drink."

It is a simple fact that dissipated habits have not in this country been a hindrance to a man's getting office; if he is sober sometimes; if the Governor can get straight enough to write his message; if the judge's tongue is not positively thick when he delivers his charge; if the Vice President is not drunk when he is sworn in, that will do. So we have had world-renowned Secretaries of State carried out drunk from their office, and Senators of the United States arrested at midnight in houses of shame for uproarious behavior; judges and jurors and lawyers by night while the trial is going on by day, gambling and singing the song of the drunkard. Oh, it is a sad thing to have a hand tremulous with intoxication holding the scales of justice, when the lives of men and the destinies of a nation are in a balance; to have a charioteer with unskillful hands on the reins while the swift destinies of government have been dashed to pieces, and empires have gone down in darkness and woe!

RICH SIN TOLERABLE.

What was it that drove back your armies in the last war so often? Were it your sons and fathers? No! It was because drunkenness so often sat on the saddle. Was it the sword or the bottle that slew them? The bottle! for that day drunkenness rode in some of the stirrups, leading forth your sons and fathers to death. Dissipation in all the high circles as well as the low. A trial in the courts ever and anon reveals the fact that impurity walks in robes, and dances under the palatial chandeliers, and drowses on the damask upholstery. Sin is tolerable, if it is only rich. Stand back and let the libertine go by, for he rides in a $3,000 turn-out. The Congressional galleries have some times been thrilled by the appeals of men who, on the following night, fulfill what Solomon said: "He goeth after her straigthway, as an ox to the slaughter, and as a fool to the

Continued on page 8.

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THE COSHOCTON AGE.

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—BY—

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SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1884.

This paper will not be sent to subscribers outside of the county unless paid for in advance.

THE Republicans throughout the county should bear in mind the County Convention, to be held on the 12th. Each township should send a full delegation.

A NEW post office has been established in Guernsey county called Prohibition. Guernsey county gave 2500 majority for constitutional prohibition, and the name of the office is appropriate.

EX-AUDITOR OF STATE OGLEVIE is spoken of frequently in connection with the nomination of a candidate for Secretary of State. If nominated, he declares it his intention to make a determined fight.

THE vote whereby the whisky bill was defeated in Congress stood as follows: Ninety-one Republicans and nine-five Democrats voted against the bill; eleven Republicans and seventy-two Democrats for it.

THE choice of delegates to the County Convention may determine the character of the delegates to the State and National Conventions. The people by this means nominate the next President. It is the duty of the Republicans in each township in the county to send full delegations.

THE saloons and their tools delight in slandering people who are opposed to their free whisky and untrammeled trade in poison, and the manufacture of criminals and paupers; but slander will not silence the guns of those who are determined that saloonists shall obey the law, and that laws shall be created that will hamper and finally destroy saloons.

THE tide of emigration from Europe to America never ceases, but it has fluctuated surprisingly in the past ten years, as the following statement of the number of emigrants arriving on our shores for the respective years shows: 1873, 396,370; 1876, 120,103; 1878, 100,832; 1880, 317,717; 1882, 616,764; 1883, 521,154.

TALMAGE'S sermon this week is a perfect thunderbolt laden with fiery truths. The bane of American politics is intemperance and corruption, and the lifting of the cover and exposing the filthy but boiling cauldron can do no harm. Every murderous and villainous manipulator of beer and whisky glasses in the land will denounce Talmage, and the slippery and slimy politician will, as the rabble of old cry crucify him, but it will not change the aspect of aaffirs in the least. It is a centre shot.

A WRITER in the current number of the Century Magazine has collected statistics which go to show that more than fifteen hundred murders were committed in the United States, and that as punishment therefor there were only ninety-three legal executions; but the lynchings outnumbered the legal executions by twenty-five per cent. This is a startling condition of affairs, and demonstrates the need of a better enforce of law, and a cultivation of moral forces that will prevent the spread of this stain. As at present crime runs rampant, and only one out of fifteen is made to suffer the full penalty of the law. One of the principal causes of this carnival of crime is the American saloon. Decency and morality demand that the saloons must go!

HARK to that sudden, soul penetrating shout! What means it, that from every death hole in the land there peers a beastly and villainous mug, with disdainful but startled visage? It means this: The people of the land see the magnitude of the crimes committed in the name of King Alcohol. They see the saloons, and slum holes, and bummers and thieves and prostiutes, legitimate outgrowth of the American saloon, as allies with the Democratic party, seeking to turn governmental affairs to their own end, to dictate party policy, name candidates, and pass laws; and the people are aroused. From every church in the land; from behind the counters of good business men; from the firesides of thousands of homes there comes a stentorian and determined cry, halt! But will it have effect? Yea, it shall have effect. The good of the Nation demands it; the good of your family demands it; the good of the Republican party demands it. The saloons must go. That is what that shout means.

The Paris of America Indeed

Cincinnati, the proud Queen City of the West, is known the world over as the Paris of America. In business, in culture, and in crime it is entitled to the term For years a spirit of lawlessness has prevailed in that city. Saloonists and all other criminals flagrantly disobey the law, and by corruption in courts, cut throats on juries and villains at the bar, decency and law were outraged and justice smothered. Murders were committed almost daily, and at least weekly; innocent men shot down for the purpose of plunder or acquirement of gain; men killed in drunken brawls, but never an execution. In fact there has not been a public execution in Hamilton county for 26 years. The legitimate outgrowth of this spirit developed itself last Friday night, and so great was the outbreak, so direful the results, that a succinct statement of the causes leading thereto, is necessary.

BERNER'S CRIME AND TRIAL.

Shortly before Christmas, William H. Kirk, a horse dealer, living in Cincinnati, disappeared from his home. His absence was not remarked by his family, nor was any uneasiness felt concerning him as it was supposed that he had gone on a horse-trading expedition to the country. On Christmas eve Kirk's dead body was found in the creek in the suburbs of the city. A rope with a slip-noose was around his neck and it was plain that he had been strangled. After an investigation Berner was arrested. After twenty-four hours imprisonment he confessed to be the murderer and stated that he had been assisted by Joe Palmer, a negro. Palmer was arrested and is now awaiting trial. Berner repeated his confession on several occasions and entered into the minutest details to show that the murder was deliberate and cold-blooded. Kirk had slept for two nights in Berner's stable. The youth knew that the horse dealer had several hundred dollars with him. Berner and the negro went into the stable about midnight and beat the sleeping victim into insensibility. They robbed him of his money and placing a rope around his neck strangled him to death. The body was then placed in a cart and and taken to the neighboring creek where it was found.

The crime was horrible; the confession clear, the evidence explicit, and it was deemed certain that his conviction and punishment would be short and severe—murder in the first degree and consequent execution. He was arraigned before the criminal court and a jury. Some of the ablest lawyers in Cincinnati, including the celebrated Tom Campbell, defended him. Great crowds thronged the Court House all during the trial; the evidence was given in, the arguments made, the jury charged, and one and all of court and audience believed it was only a question of a few hours until the prisoner would be convicted of the proper degree of crime. The trial closed on Saturday evening, and on Monday morning the Judge received the jury and their verdict, which was manslaughter. A daily paper says the verdict was received in painful silence which lasted several seconds, to be "broken by Judge Matthews' remark that the verdict was an outrage, and a storm of hisses and angry cries from the spectators. Fearing violence to the prisoner the bailiff hurried him away through the Judge's private room, down a flight of back stairs, and through an underground tunnel back to the jail. The crowd slowly left the court room and gathered outside. The news of the verdict flew over the city like wildfire and was received everywhere with intense indignation, and threats and menaces against the prisoner."

The prisoner was sentenced to 20 years imprisonment in the Penitentiary—the extreme limit; but justice had been outraged, and the people were indignant. To express this indignation, and to give warning to the criminal lawyers and succeeding juries that justice must be done in the future, an indignation meeting was called to meet at the great Music Hall on Friday evening last. Some of the best citizens spoke at that meeting and ten thousand people were in the audience. The speakers counseled coolness, but demanded justice. In the jail were twenty-one other murderers awaiting trial, and if the verdict in the Berner case was a fair specimen of what was be expected in the trial of the remaining cases, then indeed were the people right in expressing themselves in a way that meant justice must be done. This was what the meeting was called for, but it soon got beyond control of the leaders, and the cry of "To the jail! Lynch them!" together with the suggestive dropping of ropes with nooses at the end from the gallery, excited the audience, and those who had assembled in peace, soon became a surging, angry mob. The meeting was hastily adjourned, but the damage had been done. The people were inflamed, and being denied justice in the courts determined to secure it by their own acts.

BERNER ESCAPES.

In the meantime Berner having been sentenced was disguised, and in the hands of the criminal bailiff and two deputies, started for Columbus. This coming to the ears of the mob, only the more infuriated them. The news was telegraphed along the line, and at Loveland a mob attacked the train, and during the melee that followed Berner escaped. He fled up the road a considerable distance, eluding his pursuers in the darkness and took shelter in an empty box car for the night. In the morning he crossed the river in a boat and started a foot for Cincinnati. He trudged wearily along until towards the middle of the day, when tired out and hungry he rested by the way side. His pursuers had got clue to him, followin a buggy, and came upon him while resting. He appeared greatly relieved to be taken again, and declared that he had intended to go to Cincinnati to see his mother, send word to the officers and surrender himself. He did not know what was taking place at Cincinnati. He was taken to Columbus and lodged in the penitentiary, although all along the line there were threatening mobs at all the railway stations, and but that he was concealed in an express car he would have been lynched.

THE MOB AT WORK.

The meeting at Music Hall was composed of good citizens—fair representatives of the middle classes—working men of various trades, and a fair representation of the professional classes. They were righteously indignant and upon adjournment of the meeting moved in a body to the jail with a determination of taking therefrom the twenty-one murderers therein and hanging them. It was contrary to law, but it was not contrary to justice. The Sheriff was notified of their coming by telephone, and summoning the police defended the jail. The mob attacked and succeeded in breaking open the doors and roamed through the building making frantic efforts to get at the prisoners, but the Sheriff and the police fought them back. About midnight a company of militia from the city was called out and some men were killed. The mob was without organization. They perceived, however, that they could not fight men armed with rifles with brickbats and they retired.

THE COMMUNE.

Saturday was a gloomy day to the Queen City. Men gathered in squads and excitedly discussed the situation. The sober sense of the leaders of the night before seemed to assert itself, but the inflammable material in the masses had become too much ignited to be readily quelled. There was an ostensible determination on the part of the rabble to secure the murderers, but further developments demonstrated that it was more for loot and arson than to secure justice. Saturday evening hand bills were scattered over the city bearing the following inflammable call:

"Public safety demands immediate action. Organize vigilance committees in every ward. Heal sores by purifying the body; serve notice to criminals, criminal lawyers, gamblers and prostitutes to leave Hamilton county within three days and remain away forever or suffer the penalty. As long as the present clique of criminal lawyers that infest the city are permitted to remain and corrupt jurors, outrage justice and shield criminals, just that long will our citizens be murdered, our property destroyed, and protection by the law be denied. Make one clean sweep while we are at it. A vigilance commitee of three hundred in each ward, composed of the best citizens, can by earnest work cleanse the moral atmosphere in three days. Organize at once and serve notice to disreputable characters in the ward to leave and never return. The reputation of this city demands a change or wickedness will reign supreme."

The law abiding people of Cincinnati viewed the situation with alarm. The Sheriff had made arrangements to protect the jail by barricading and stationing local militia within and without. The mob commenced to gather as the shades of night settled over the city, and being met with opposition at the jail, assembled in front of the court house, a magnificent structure. The mob increased in numbers and became more desperate in demonstration. Being foiled in their attempts to break into the jail, they commenced to wreak vengeance upon the Temple of (in-)Justice, and broke the elegant plate windows by hurling boulders through them. Within the Treasurer's office were papers and other ignitable material, and these were fired. Captain Desmond, of the Cincinnati militia, was sent with a squad to extinguish the fire, and he was killed, shot through the head by one of the mob. The men who had started out to lynch a gang of murderers now forgot their first intention, and had developed into a commune—intent upon burning and pillaging. The better class of people who had first been leaders in the demonstration had dropped out, and the criminal class of the city, possessed of equally as damnable a record as those confined in the jail, took possession. Then indeed was Cincinnati the Paris of America. Those who have read of the French revolution—the maddened population burning the the Tuileres, and other public buildings; a maddened, howling, crazy, drunken mob, intent solely upon destruction, can imagine the scenes that were transacted in the streets of the Queen City. The fire alarm was sounded and the companies responded, but so great was the mob, so determined their resistance, that the fire engines could not get within a square or more of the burning building, and the whole was soon enwrapped in flames and finally destroyed. All the public records, the most valuable law library in the State, were destroyed and untold damage of other nature done.

THE SALOONS CO-PARTNERS IN CRIME.

During all these scenes the saloons in the neighborhood were running at full blast, with an increased number of bar tenders pouring out their fiery liquid in gallons to add to the desperation of the mob. The participants in the mob are deserving of severe punishment, but those villains behind the bar are deserving of worse—death would be too good—life imprisonment would be a boon, starvation not sufficiently terrible. Although the Mayor had ordered all the saloons in the city closed, no attention was paid thereto. It has been the custom to wink at violations of the law, and when the time came that the safety of the city depended upon the obeying of law and the commands of the officers, no attention was paid to the same The law breakers had been otherwise educated. The whole is a legitimate outcome of the carnival of crime and corruption that has held sway in that city for a term of years.

SOLDIERY.

So great had become the mob so determined their demonstrations, that it became evident nothing but the strong arm of the military could quell it. Accordingly Gov. Hoadly ordered out several regiments of the militia of the State, and commanded all of them to be in readiness to visit Cincinnati at a moment's warning. [Col. Pocock's regiment was among those ordered to the scene of destruction, and the experience of his soldiers, possessed of local interest, as it is, is treated elsewhere by a special letter to THE AGE, written by Mr. Parrish, of this office, who is a member of the Regiment.]

At two o'clock Sunday morning the mob quieted down, but danger was not past. Sunday was a bright, cheerful day, to the State at large, but to Cincinnati it was gloomy in the extreme. The dead and dying were numerous, the result of the mob's battle with the soldiery; on every hand were to be seen evidences of the fight. The magnificent Court House was a mass of ruins, and pallor was spread upon every face, except those who were steeped in crime and corruption and only awaited the appearance of night to commence anew their attacks.

SUNDAY NIGHT

Was somewhat a repetition of the preceding one, although the warm reception they received by the militia somewhat cooled their ardor. There was some fighting, and the appearance and sound of warfare was similar to that of the late war. An attempt was made to fire the Music Hall and the Expositition buildings, but it was prevented. The presence of the military was all that saved the city from plunder and destruction.

Mr. Murat Halstead, editor of the Commercial-Gazette, telegraphed the following succinct statement to a New York paper.

REVIEWED BY A GREAT EDITOR.

"CINCINNATI, March 31.—The number of persons killed and wounded in the riots thus far is about 200. The last fatal shot fired in anger, up to this writing, was fired between four and five o'clock this morning, though a poor soldier boy was instantly killed this evening by the accidental discharge of his gun. The Court House is not the utter ruin as it was first supposed to be. A large proportion of the valuable records have been saved. The money that was in the Treasury is all safe. The vaults, which were very heavy, are mainly good. We have confidence that there will not be a repetition of the terrors of the three nights that will be so memorable here. But only the overwhelming force of State troops prevent further disastrous demonstrations. The determination to lynch the gang of murderers in prison and to release the crowd of rioters who have been made prisoners is something terrific, and secret meetings were held today that would mean mischief if there were not a thousand rifles and several batteries at hand. It is this display of power, making assaults by the mob hopeless, that will prevent fresh outbreaks. The presence of regular soldiers from the Newport barracks at the sub-Treasury last night was an element of confidence. In stormy times blue cloth works well. It happens that the City Comptroller had a complete list of the names of the tax-payers of the city and county, and their addresses. The tax bills give a description and valuation of property. These are valuable now.

The rioting on the first night was largely workingmen of good character, who resented the fact that murderers who have money to set in motion the machinery of criminal lawyers have had freedom here. The second night the spirit of the Commune appeared, and petroleum was put to use as by the Parisians, when they are pleased to burn their public buildings. The third night the number of determined men had been largely reduced, and there were swarms of boys. Of the crowd that were smashing pawnbrokers' shops, three were grown men, and they were thieves. They had a rabble of boys, generally rom seventeen to nineteen years of age and one testified in the police court to-day that he was "thirteen, and going on fourteen years of age." Out of sixty rioters gathered in for attempting to seize a battery at Music Hall, only ten were men. The rest were boys. The rest were boys. Some were very bad ones, while others seemed to want excitement above all things.

And so the crowds have depreciated from honest men, misguided, but animated by righteous wrath kindled against a systemized infamy of the most outrageous character, to a vicious rabble of boys in the hands of the lowest desperadoes. The excited people had a real grievance to deal with. The administration of the criminal law here has been damnable, and the influence of sheer criminals in public affairs alarming That which has happened will, we hope, make irresistible the influences that lead to better ways.

MURAT HALSTEAD.

[Editor of the Commercial-Gazette.] Preparations for defense were continued for Monday night, but the spirit of the mob had been broken; no attacks were made, and the city although still excited is settling down to the usual every day life. Is that true? Let us hope not. Its every day life has been one of crime and corruption. May it learn wisdom from experience, and out of the disgrace and destruction of the mob rise phœnix like to become not a greater adept in crime, but a city of morality, striving to do that which is right—prosecute criminals in hand, and preventing crime in the future. The first step in this direction will be to enforce the law against the saloonists. Out of this grew the evil, and so long as they are permitted to rule the country, so long will crime run rampant.

THE DEAD AND WOUNDED.

As a result of this mob 48 were killed and 139 wounded. The whole affair is to be regretted, and there is a disposition on the part of the people of Cincinnati and a part of the press, to denounce the militia for firing on the mob; but sober reason will demonstrate that the criticism is unjust. The military simply did their duty, and if men were killed, it was simply because the mob made it necessary to kill.

One result of the mob may be to launch a new plan of conducting criminal trials; impress in the minds of Judges and others in power, the necessity of having reputable citizens serve on juries, and prevent in the future such outrageous verdicts as was returned in the Berner case. It is to be hoped, at least, this will result. The need of another reform pointed out very forcibly by this outbreak, is the compelling of saloon keepers to obey the law. So long as they are permitted to run unmolested, paying no regard to the laws of God or man, so long can such disgraceful affairs as this and the causes leading thereto be expected.

THE Democrats of the Ohio Legislature are still monkeying with the graded tax buzz-saw, but fear to obey the demands of their late allies—the saloonists and cut-throat bar-keepers.

The Highways

For more than a month now the public roads in Coshocton county have been almost impassible. Farmers have been inconvenienced, merchants have lost money, and one and all, dependent upon commingling with his brother man in a business way, for a living, have suffered from this condition. Coshocton county, with its present limits, was organized in 1884, or the time Holmes county was organized, which includes territory originally annexed to this county. Sixty years ago was this, yet who can say the roads are better now than they were in the early days? Who can say a greater part of them are so good—especially in the winter season? In the earlier days, before the timber was cleared out, snows fell early in the season and remained until the warm sun of balmy spring melted them away; and as a result travel was performed with ease during the long months. But now the reverse is true, and it does not speak well for the enterprise of the people. In sixty years the roads should surely have been better than they are. In western counties in this State, thirty years ago lands were regarded as irreclaimable swamps and none but sportsmen in search of deer and other wild game sought to penetrate them, but the land has been reclaimed by drainage, good gravel roads built, and what was a vast wilderness and bog, is now a country superior to this, that enjoys all the natural advantages, and a people that has not had the enterprise to profit thereby. Farmers stand in their own light when they refuse take steps to improve the highways, and while the majority should always rule, we believe the Legislature would be doing a kindness to the State at large if they were to pass a law compelling counties to build gravel roads or stone turn pikes. At least some system better than that now in use should be provided. Morgan county recognizes this, and Mr. Stanberry, their Representative, has introduced a bill and secured its passage, the working of which will be watched with interest. From a McConnelsville paper we excerpt what Mr. Stanberry has to say of the law, in a communication to the editor:

Section one provides, "That the trustees of each township * * shall within ten days after the first Monday in April in 1884 divide their respective townships into road districts * * containing not less than nine square miles nor more than twenty-five, and shall appoint a supervisor for each road district." This section gives the management of the whole matter into the hands of the township trustees, and suggests to the people the necessity of selecting the best men for those offices. I would recommend that the trustees be selected without regard to politics. In Democratic townships select two Democrats and one Republican; and in Republican townships, two Republicans and one Democrat There will then of necessity be a minority representation, and the charge that the road funds are being used for political purposes therefore can not be made.

Section two provides that the trustees shall levy on or before May 15th of each year upon the taxable property, one and one half mills on the dollar and no more. This makes the levy uniform throughout the county, and the trustees may anticipate one-half the levy by issuing bonds. The subsequent sections refer to the manner of expending the money, and will be found to safely guard the interests of the tax-payers. I trust our people will take hold of the matter and see that the law shall be carefully executed, which I am satisfied will result in great good to our people. I will hereafter give you more fully my views as to the law and its execution."

Coshocton county expends nearly $24,000 yearly upon the highways, and the whole sum is swallowed up in mud. Modern enterprise ought to remedy this.

THE LEGISLATURE

There was a sensation in the House Wednesday of last week. House bill by Mr. Hadley, for the re-imbursement of the teachers and employes of the Imbecile Asylum which was burned in 1881, came up. Mr. Malone, a Toledo member, made a statement of the losses, and said they should be paid, as they were mostly poor girls who had suffered, and the statements were supported by affidavit. As to Dr. Doren's claim, he stated it should not yet be considered, as it was not supported by an affidavit. This brought Allen O'Myers to his feet, and he then and there indulged in a frantical tirade, in which he approached the verge of criminal libel, and sought by disreputable means to secure cheap but despicable advertising. He declared that "I have charged in public prints and now reiterate the statement that there was a conspiracy to burn the Imbecile asylum, and that Dr. Doren was in the conspiracy; that he had taken the records of the institution and had spread them out on a table in the centre of the room, waiting for the flames to come and consume them."

When these charges were made through his correspondence to the Enquirer two years or more ago, a resolution was introduced, asking an investigation, and the committee appointed, composed of Republicans and Democrats, unanimously reported as follows:

"The committee find nothing in the evidence and circumstances surrounding the fire in any wise importing want of proper care of the inmates, or other culpability relative to the cause of the fire, on the part of any of the officers and employes of said institution, Dr. Doren, for his coolness and consideration at the time of the fire, in saving the lives of all the inmates, and efforts to arrest the spread of the flames to other buildings, contributing materially in saving the property of the State. He was ably seconded by the officers and employes of the institution, nearly all abandoning to destruction their own property and effects to save the children and the property of the State, and though this personal reference might be omitted, yet the facts before your committee demand it as a simple act of justice."

In the House a number of local bills were passed, and a resolution introduced requiring the Relief Commission to extend aid to persons who had lost their houses by reason of the flood.

In the Senate a number of amendments to the general appropriation bill were receded from, but they insisted on others, involving $60,375. A Conference Committee was appointed. Bills of general importance were passed as follows: Adding a penalty to the section requiring supervisors, constables and town marshals to put up stock if they fail to do their duty; House bill by Mr. Bargar, to authorise the State Board of Public Works to vacate and abandon a feeder to the Ohio canal in Jackson township, Coshocton county; House bill by Mr. Bargar, to amend section 3906, so as to avoid the use of an additional ballot-box in school districts composed partly of city and country territory. (It was reconsidered in the afternoon, and postponed for further consideration until January 9, 1885, in order to prevent confusion at the approaching spring election.) Mr. Crowell attempted to relieve the Committee on Schools from further consideration of the Joe Poe school book resolution, but it was defeated. This resolution provides that the Governor shall appoint a commission of three to prepare a set of text books of which the State shall have the copy right, the pay of the commission to be $5 per day each. Stuff and fudge.

On Thursday in the House the O'Myers smut mill was again set to grinding, and for an hour he poured a tirade of abuse upon Dr. Doren, charging all the sins in the category against him; declaring it to be a religion with him to put the Dr. in the Penitentiary. The denunciation of the members was severe, but O'Myers seemed to enjoy wallowing in his own filth. The bill to recompense the poor girls who lost their all in the fire was lost—the vote being 67 to 25, the Speaker deciding that it required a two-thirds vote of all the members elected—70.

Mr. Bargar's Circuit Court Bill as amended in the caucus came up and was passed. It divides the State into seven districts, as follows:

First district—Hamilton, Clermont, Butler, Warren and Clinton

Second district—Preble, Darke, Shelby, Miami, Montgomery, Champaign, Clarke, Greene, Fayette, Madison and Franklin.

Third district—Mercer, Van Wert, Paulding, Defiance, Williams, Fulton, Henry, Putnam, Allen, Auglaize, Wood, Hancock, Hardin, Logan, Union, Delaware, Marion, Wyandot and Crawford.

Fourth district—Brown, Adams, Highland, Pickaway, Ross, Pike, Scioto, Lawrence, Gallia, Jackson, Meigs, Vinton, Hocking, Athens, Washington and Monroe.

Fifth district—Morrow, Richland, Ashland, Knox, Licking, Fairfield, Perry, Morgan, Muskingum, Coshocton, Holmes, Wayne, Stark and Tuscarawas.

Sixth district—Lucas, Ottawa, Sandusky, Seneca, Erie, Huron, Lorain, Medina, Summit and Cuyahoga.

Seventh district—Lake, Ashtabula, Geauga, Trumbull, Portage, Mahoning, Columbiana, Carroll, Jefferson, Harrison, Guernsey, Belmont and Noble.

In the Senate House bills of general importance were passed as follows: Providing that township trustees instead of county commissioners shall fix the value of sheep killed or injured by dogs; providing that criminal prosecutions may be abandoned by the owner of property stolen, embezzled or fraudulently obtained, who receives his property back together with the actual expenses of recovering the same.

The Governor nominated the following board of managers of the Ohio penitentiary: D C. Coolman of Portage, for one year; George S. Peters, of Franklin, for two; Wm. L. Robinson, of Hamilton, for three; Darlington E. Fee, of Clermont, for four; Ferdinand F. Remple, of Hocking, for five.

In the Senate Friday, the conference committee on the general appropriation bill reported and the whole went over until the following Tuesday. No business of importance was transacted and both Houses adjourned until Monday at 3 o'clock.

Both Houses met Monday at 3 o'clock, but aside from the introduction of bills no business was transacted.

Tuesday a whole raft of local measures were passed, but none of general importance except the report of the Conference Committee on the general appropriation bill was adopted and it became a law. In the Senate the nominations made by Governor Hoadly for managers of the Penitentiary, under the new law, were confirmed. The graded whisky tax bill was taken up, turned over and laid on the table again. They are determined to not meddle with it until after the spring election.

Who Wrote That?

We have long waited for a book that would enable us to put our finger on the quotation or we wish to trace home any quotation to its author. The work we have been waiting for has appeared in the Hoyt-Ward Cyclopedia of Quotations, with its 50,000 lines of Concordance. This is the only Cyclopedia of Quotations ever published. We agree with the Boston Post when it says that this work is an "Indispensible as Worcester or Webster. It is the only Standard book of quotations," and with the New York Herald, which pronounces it "By long odds the best book of quotations in existence." Do not fail to see the large advertisement of Funk & Wagnells, on an other page. Their books are excellent and their prices are marvels for cheapness.

Wisely Adopted by Dairymen.

The adoption by most of the prominent dairymen and farmers of the United States, of the Improved Butter Color made by Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt., is a proof of their wisdom in a business point of view. Nearly all winter butter is colored in order to make it marketable and this color is the best in regard to purity, strength, permanence and perfection of tint.

ANY man can pick up courage enough to be heroic for an hour; to be patiently heroic daily is the test of character.

THE BLOOD WOULD RUN—For five years I was a great sufferer from Catarrh. My nostrils were so sensitive I could not bear the least bit of dust, at times so bad the blood would run and at night I could not breathe. After trying many things without benefit I used Ely's Cream Balm I am a living witness of its efficacy. PETER BRUCE, Farmer, Ithaca, N. Y. (Easy to use, price 50 cents.)

To listen kindly is often an act of the most delicate interior mortification and helps us very much to speak kindly ourselves.

Come, Gentle Spring

and bring malaria, dyspepsia, biliousness, torpidity of the liver and a train of kindred maladies. Fortunately Kidney-Wort is at hand. It may be had of the nearest druggist and will purify the system, correct the bowels, stimulate the liver and kidneys to healthy action, remove all poisonous humors and make you feel like a new man. As a spring medicine, tonic and blood Purifier it has no equal.

CARPETS!

Don't allow yourselves to be taken in by any side show business on

CARPETS

AND

Lace Curtains.

Square dealing is the best policy. Come and see our Goods and get prices, and then let other parties meet the prices if they can. Rock bottom Prices on

GOOD GOODS

Will tell, and the people appreciate them.

We are cutting Carpets every day for parties who pronounce our Stock superior, in every respect, to any thing ever shown in Coshocton

We are this week offering some big drives in

DRY GOODS.

Some special things just received from New York.

Selby, Moore&Caton

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

BIG SINNERS IN BIG PLACES.

Continued from page 3.

correction of stocks, until a dart strike through the liver." Meanwhile political parties are silent, lest they lose votes; and newspapers are quiet, lest they lose subscribers; and ministers of the gospel are quiet, lest some affluent pewholder should be disgusted. But God's indignation gathers like the fiery flashes around the edges of a blackening cloud just before the swoop of a tornado. His voice sounds through the country to-day, in the words of the text: "Woe unto thee, O land, when thy king is a child and thy princes drink in the morning." Oh, the land groans to be delivered! It sweats great drops of blood! It is crucified, not between two thieves, but between a thousand, while the nations ride past, wagging their heads and crying, "Aha, aha!"

I unroll the scroll of political wickedness still farther, and I see the crime of bribery. It is no light temptation. The mightiest have fallen under it. Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Chancellor of England, founder of our modern philosophy, author of Novum Organum and a whole library of books, the leading thinker of his century, so precocious that when a little child he was asked by Queen Elizabeth, "How old are you?" he responded, "I am two years younger that your majesty's happy reign;" of whose oratory Ben Johnson wrote, "The fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end;" having an income which you would suppose would put him beyond the temptation of bribery—$36,000 a year. And Twickenham court a gift, and princely estates in Hertfordshire and Gorhambury—yet under this temptation to bribery falling flat into ruin, and on his confession of taking bribes, giving as excuse that all his predecessors took them, he was fined $200,000, or what corresponds with our $200,000, and imprisoned in London tower. So, also, Lord Chancellor Macroleafield fell; so, also, Lord Chancellor Waterbury perished. The black chapter in English, Irish, French and American politics is the chapter of bribery. Some of you remember the Pacific mail subsidies. All of you remember the awful tragedy of the Credit Mobilier. Under the temptation to bribery. Benedict Arnold sold the fort in the highlands for $31,575. For this sin Gorgey betrayed Hungary, Ahithophile forsook David and Judas kissed Christ.

You know as well as I that in the past few years it has been impossible to get a law passed by state or national legislature unless there was some financial consideration. When a bill has appeared at the door, the question among your representatives has been, "How much money is in this?" Reformers and philanthropists, with some scheme for the elevation of the nation, approach the door of the legislature or the door of Congress, and are laughed at because their hands are empty. Political bribes, offered in the shape of preferment for office. "If you vote so and so you can have so and so." "If you will vote for my bill, giving a monopoly to my moneyed institution, then I will vote for your bill giving a monopoly to your moneyed institution." "Here is a bill with which we shall have a great deal of trouble, but it must go through. Crowd the lobbies with railroad men, and manufacturers, and contractors. Make an entertainment for the members, and when they are good and drunk have them promise to vote that way. Put $1,000 or $5,000 in the hand of this man, who will be prudent in the distribution of it. Put $2,000 in the hands of this man, who will see that it does good! Be very cautious how you approach men. Now, we want only four more votes and this matter will be all right. Give $1,000 to that very intelligent member from Westchester. Give $500 to that stupid member from Ulster. Now we have but two more votes to regulate. Give $300 to this man, and he will be sick and stay at home, and then give $300 to this man and he will go to the bedside of his great-aunt languishing in her last sickness." The day for the passage of the bill has come. The speaker thumps his gavel upon the desk and says: "Senators, are you ready for the question? All in favor of this bill that will vote $100,000 or $200,000, or $1,000,000 into the hands of unprincipled speculators will say aye." Aye! aye! aye! aye! "All opposed, no." "The ayes have it." The money is wasted, the public treasure is gone, business is embarrassed, and our national and state legislatures become the sewers into which the filth and the vomit of this nation empty themselves. If you think that I exaggerated the matter go to any of these places just before a bill is to be passed, and learn that I have not more than half represented the truth in the case, and that this crime of bribery is smiting the whole country, depleting your wealth, oh, you men of affluence! grinding harder your faces, oh, you children of the poor! Some of the finest houses ever built on Madison Square, and Beacon street and Rittenhouse Square have been built out of money paid for votes by railroad companies in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland.

MACHINERY OF POLITICS.

The machinery of bad American politics is made up of about five hundred wheels, and the cogs of these wheels play into a greater wheel, and this great centre wheel has a tire of railroad iron and also a crank on which is the hand of Satan, and he turns the great wheel and that turns all the five hundred smaller wheels in the political manufactory. What has been seen in other countries threatens this land. While as a consequence of partial legislation the great masses of the people find it harder and harder work to make a living. We have too many men in this country who are worth their five millions and their ten millions and their twenty millions and their forty millions and their fifty millions and their seventy millions and their eighty millions, and they carry our legislatures in one pocket and our congress in the other. Revolution ahead. I pray God it may be peaceful revolution, and at the ballot box, where only wrong can be righted. We had a forty years' contest about slavery. We are to have a ten or twenty years' contest about white slavery. We are to have emancipation of American labor from the curse of monopoly. I do not believe in the union of church and state, but I do believe that unless the church of Jesus Christ rises up and proves herself the friend of the people as well as the friend of God, and in sympathy with the great masses who are fighting this battle for bread, the church as at present organized will become a defunct institution and Christ will go down again to the beach and invite 12 honest fishermen to come up into the apostleship of a new dispensation. * * * *

DUTIES TO PERFORM.

If I thought there was nothing for you and I to do I would not preach this sermon. There are four things for you to do. First, stand off from all political offices unless your own principles are thoroughly settled. Do not go into the blaze of temptation unless you are fireproof. Common council, water board, legislative hall and congressional assemblage have been the damnation of many people. But if you go into political life without your principles thoroughly settled, before you get through with it you will drink and you will swear and you will lie and you will take bribes. "Ah," you say, "that is not complimentary." Well, I always was clumsy at compliments.

The second thing to do is to take counsel of Paul and to pray for your rulers—pray for all in authority. Do you know that Shadrack and Abednego did not need the Son of God beside them in the fire so much as your rulers do? We pray every Sunday for the President of the United States because it is in the liturgy. But have we been entirely cleared of all responsibility for the national corruption from the fact that we have not prayed as we should for our representatives? When I take up the paper and see some awful defalcation in character, I feel just as I did when I saw the account of the wreck of the Northfleet in English waters—the Northfleet run down by a strong steamer; for those men were crushed into by temptations with fiery furnace and thundering wheel bucket, and there was no lifeboat. Pray for your rulers!

In the next place be faithful at the ballot box. Do not stand on your dignity and refuse to vote because the rabble go. Put on your old clothes and elbow your way through the unwashed and the wretched, and the abandoned, and go to the polls. Cast your own vote. Make up your mind in a Christian way as to who are the best men for office; then vote for the man who loves God and hates rum. Refuse to vote, or vote the wrong way, and you sin against the graves of the men who died for the government, and you sin against your children, who may live to feel the curse of your negligence or your political dishonesty.

But I have a better prescription than all. It is the fourth thing I have to say in the way of counsel, and that is, evangelize the people. Gospelize the people and you will have pure representatives and pure men everywhere. I have no faith in the conversion of an old politician. I never knew one to be converted. I suppose the grace of God can do it, but seldom tries it. What work we have to do we have to do with the great masses of the people who cast the votes, and with our children, who are coming up to be the sovereigns. That woman who, in the Sabbath school class, teaches six boys how to be Christians, does more for our political future than all the fine essays that were ever written about the Constitution or the arraignment of the American Senate for holding stock of the Credit Mobilier. I went you to understand there is work for you and me to do. Change men's hearts and their lives will be right. There are good men trying to have the Christian religion recognized in the Constitution of the United States. But, my friends, you get the people converted by the grace of God, and I don't care about the mere technicality of a constitutional recognition. What we want in this country is just four revivals—revivals that come like those in the days of Nettleton and Jonathan Edwards and George Whitefield. We want four revivals all at once; one starting from the north, rolling South; one starting from the south, rolling north; one starting from the east, rolling west; one starting from the west, rolling east. And then I want to stand on the spot where the four seas meet, that I may shout: "Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Hallelujah! for the kingdoms of this world are becoming the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ." But remember that if there be 50,000,000 of people in this country, upon you personally rests a fifty-millionth part of the responsibility. The least thing you can do for the country is to contribute toward it a heart changed by the grace of God and a heart all pure. Remember that it is not as nations we are at last to be judged, but as individuals, each man answering for himself in that day when monarchies and republics alike shall perish, and the earth itself shall become a heap of ashes scattered in the blast of nostrils of the Lord God Almighty!

THE treatment of Rheumatism and Neuralgia through the blood by the expulsion of the poisonous acids therefrom, has brought relief and cure in those suposably incurable cases known as chronic, and where age was said to defy ordinary treatment. Mr. W. L. Seymour, of Williston, Vt., writes: "Send three bottles of ATHLOPHOROS as soon as this is received. My father aged 87, has for weeks been badly affected with Rheumatism. He was relieved of all pain in less than 24 hours after he began taking the remedy."

The Skeleton of the Kitchen Closet.

The servant girl; how to find her in her perfection or her imperfection, or how to do without her! This is the perpetual spectre that haunts our households, which brings premature grayness and wrinkles to our wives and mothers and sends many a man in desperation to a cheap restaurant.

The fact is plain that the supply of domestics competent to do the duties of the average respectable family kitchen is unequal to the demand, and will be increasingly less as more families attain to the ability to support a servant.

And as it is in every other department of labor so here, the higher the order of service required the more nearly impossible it is to procure the skilled worker. The first-class cook is very apt to make her own terms, with only now and then a show of resistance to the tyrant by some valiant economist, and to change her place with a facility which leaves the domain of the kitchen in a perpetual state of semi-anarchy.

The question what the housekeepers are going to do about it is unlikely to receive any complete answer just yet, but there are two directions in which the American women may turn as offering some promise of the solution of the problem.

One of these is a more earnest effort to educate girls who are willing but ignorant into fitness for good service. While there is an increasing reluctance on the part of young women, native or foreign, to become domestics so long as any other possible occupation is open, there is yet a pretty large number of unskilled servants capable of doing only the drudgery of the house who are not too unintelligent to be trained to something higher, and many of whom do succeed, after some years of rough experience, in becoming tolerably expert as plain cooks, but not good enough, it may be, for the preparation of elaborate dinners, but equal to baking the bread and roasting the meat. When it is considered how utterly void of acquaintance with the demands of a well ordered household many of the girls are who are set in charge of our kitchens—fresh landed immigrants, who, likely enough, were field hands in their native lands, guileless of any cookery more elaborate than the boiling of a potato, to be eaten with salt—it is a high compliment to their readiness to learn to say that they often become most trustworthy and satisfactory servants, upon whom the mistress throws responsibilities which she herself would shrink from assuming. Why should there not be schools for cooking and for housework, in which all such inexperienced girls should be able to serve an apprenticeship, such as would fit them to be, at least, second-class servants, and in which, now and then, a woman with a genius for her business might develop with that rare culture—unrealized visions of whose coming flit before many a housewife's mind—a first-rate cook? In no trade requiring so much intelligence, and so many virtues, are there so few opportunities for learning the business before actively engaging in it as that of a domestic, and in none is the call so loud and desperate for experienced laborers. The wise women of America would do well to consider if the domestic training school does not offer some gleam of light upon their present darkened souls.

Another source of relief is the possibility of some device for dispensing altogether with the delusion and snare, the inexperienced cook. American residents in Paris have frequently had occasion to accept the services of those trained caterers who, at a not extravagant price, will provide families with a varied bill of fare, brought to the house promptly at the meal hour, and in a thoroughly palatable state of heat or cold, as the nature of the dish requires. There is no reason why every moderate sized city should not support such a caterer, who could feed his patrons better than the average family is now fed, and at a cost little, if any, above that which is now incurred, while all the worry of marketing, and all the anxiety about the cook's temper or skill would be done away with. Undoubtedly some of our precious family traditions would have to be laid aside under this experiment.

Description of Southern Farm Residences and Their Furnishings.

There is in this region a singular uniformity of architecture, writes a North Carolina correspondent of the New York *Sun*. The pattern after which the residences are built is a single story frame house of four rooms. Two large chimneys stand at the ends—huge masses of extramural masonry of brick and stone, which are monuments of the most wanton waste of space, labor and material. The roof projects over a piazza, from which doors open directly into three of the rooms, for there is no hall. The "big room"—the room of general use, where visitors are received—contains a high, rough, big bedstead, on which at all seasons there is a feather bed, covered with a scrupulously white counterpane, a rickety table with blue covering, a rough, splint-bottom rocking chair, and two or three other homemade chairs, the legs of which are painted blue, and on the back of which you may read the name of the bungling maker in big blue letters. The floor is carpetless, but it glistens from the weekly scrubbing with sand.

Above the high mantel-piece there is a religious chromo in terrifying colors, and a few religious books hold the table in place. The three other rooms also are bedrooms, and they are furnished or unfurnished in the same plain way. The kitchen, which is built of logs, stands fifty feet from the other house. It is innocent of a cook-stove, but is guilty of the most extensive fire-place that was ever constructed—big enough to roast an ox whole. There is a large yard of large oaks, and for 100 feet on either side of the front gate the fence is of boards, the rest of it of rails.

Such is the residence of a prosperous man, so at least he considers himself, who lives ten miles from Raleigh and three from the village of Cary, and the residences of the most of his neighbors are built and furnished in the same way. He has three daughters and two sons, and all but one little girl are grown. The boys occupy one room which, besides the bed and the wooden pegs behind the doors on which they hang their clothes, contains little but their "chests"—plain, wooden boxes, painted blue, in which they keep their "store suits," their pistols and their fiddles. The girls have similar depositories for their Sunday "finery."

The old lady and her daughters make with their own hands nearly all the clothes the family has. There was a time when the old woman spun the thread and wove the cloth, and she maintains now that there is no other thread so good to darn with as the thread of her own spinning. So she keeps her old spinning wheel for occasional use and for spiritual comfort, and last year she gathered cotton from the field, which she followed with her own fingers on its long journey from the stalk to the stocking. The housework and the gardening are the only employments of the women, but they always seem to be busy. Once a week they boil the clothes in a pot, suspended from the tops of three poles which are placed in the front yard near the well. The monotony of wash-day is often relieved by fishing for the bucket with the pot-hooks. Cooking is a very simple thing, for the frying-pan and the pot do their whole duty. Indeed, the frying-pan is the origin of all their ailments, certainly of the old lady's dyspepsia, of the children's thin, gristly faces, and of the oldest boy's necessity for grog. Fried bacon for early breakfast will postpone the millenium anywhere; add to that fried sweet potatoes, and an active out-door life and a perfect atmosphere must do their best to keep naturally robust people from groans. The frying-pan is a worse enemy of man in all this country than whisky or politics. When all the ground is yellow with mellow apples, and the odor of peaches and grapes is blown over every breakfast table, nobody eats fruit except between meals; and the very chickens have the pleasure of life taken because neither broiler nor oven awaits one of them, but always the frying-pan.

In the evening after supper and before early bedtime, the boys sometimes play on their fiddles, their feet accompanying the three tunes they know, "The Arkansaw Traveller," "Fisher's Hornpipe," and "The Old North State," while the rest of the family hold their hands in silence. And many an evening these five intelligent adults sit the livelong hours holding their hands, saying now and then a word, as if by accident and pretending to do nothing; yet they are happy. The art of resting has not been cultivated so well anywhere else. True, the old woman does usually ply her knitting needles, stopping now and then to remark, while she rubs snuff, that her old bones feel "streaks" of rheumatism, but that it's hard to wear out an old leather string. The girls sometimes have quiltings, and there are the "parties" of country society.

He Didn't Know Her.

"There is not a man here, I suppose," said a lawyer, "who does not remember the K—— divorce suit. It was a great case and made quite a stir at the time. Lawyer V—— C—— was in it and appeared before Judge G—— on an important motion. It so happened that the learned judge's second too on his left foot had been playing the deuce with him the night before and his Honor was not in a sweet humor in consequence. Now, as a rule, there never was a better tempered judge on the bench, or one who would give a lawyer a better show; but when that toe was on the rampage it was not a safe thing to presume on his Honor's patience too much. Well, Lawyer V—— C—— made a tremendous argument, over an hour and a half long, full of flourishes of rhetoric and elegantly molded sentences, delivered in a semi-clerical style of voice. Period after period flowed and still the soft and somewhat affected tones of the learned counsel filled the otherwise silent court room. At length Mr. V—— C—— raised his right hand and aiming it at the learned judge closed a splendid climax with the question: 'Your Honor, was not Potiphar's wife much older than Joseph?'

"'I know nothing at all about her, sir,' said his honor, almost savagely, leaning forward and wagging his head to emphasize each word.

"Lawyer V—— C—— sat down as though he had been shot. It knocked the wind clean out of him."

An Honest Verdict.

A man had met a girl in a lonely place and forcibly kissed her. She was terribly indignant, and had him arrested. She gave an account on the witness stand of how he gazed at her intently, and then, suddenly throwing his arms around her, imprinted a kiss upon her lips. The prisoner made no defense, and the jury was expected to promptly convict him of assault. They returned to the court-room. "The ju-ju-jury w-w-would like to ask the young lady two questions," the foreman said. The judge consented, and she went on the stand. "D-d-did you wear the j-j-j ersey that you've g-g-got on now?" "Yes, sir," was the demure reply. "And w-w-was your ha-ha-hair b-b-banged like that?" "Yes, sir." "Then, your honor, we acquit the p-p-prisoner on the ground of omo-mo-tional insanity."—*San Francisco Post.*

The following curious scene was enacted in the mayor's court in a certain town in Lincolnshire: "Unfortunately for the mayor, his duties on the bench claim his attention as he rises from the table. A man was brought up before him on the charge of being drunk and incapable. The mayor, who had previously been smiling benignly around on the crowd assembled in the court, looked at the man unsteadily for a moment with blinking eyes, and on the completion of the evidence said: 'Prishner, you—you ora be 'shamed o' yerself! You'll 'ave a pay four and tenpence orra month!' The prisoner was removed by the constable, and the magistrate was assisted out by his clerk.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"Aunt Nellie, You's Being Bad."

Aunt Nellie had fashioned a dainty thing
Of Hamburg and ribbon and lace
And mamma said, as she settled it round
Our beautiful baby's face,
Where the dimples play and the laughter lies
Like sunbeams hid in her violet eyes,
"If the day is pleasant and the baby is good
She may go to church and wear her new hood."

Then Ben, aged six, began to tell,
In an elder brotherly way,
How very, very good she must be
If she went to church next day,
He told her of the church, the choir, the crowd,
And the man up in front who talked so loud;
But she must not talk, nor laugh, nor sing,
But just sit as quiet as anything.

And so, on a beautiful Sabbath in May,
When the fruit buds burst into flowers
(There wasn't a blossom on bush or tree
So fair as this blossom of ours),
All in her white dress, dainty and new,
Our baby sat in the family pew.
The grand, sweet music, the reverent air,
The solemn hush, and the voice of prayer.

Filled all her baby soul with awe,
As she sat in her little place,
And the holy look that the angels wear
Soomed pictured upon her face;
And the sweet words uttered so long ago
Came into my mind with a rhythmatic flow—
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven," said he—
And I know that he spoke of such as she.

The sweet-voiced organ pealed forth again,
The collection box came round,
And baby dropped her penny in
And smiled at the chinking sound,
Alone in the choir Aunt Nellie stood,
Waiting the close of the soft prelude
To begin her solo. High and strong
She struck her first note; clear and long

She held it; all were charmed but one,
Who, with all the might she had,
Sprang to her little feet, and cried,
"Aunt Nellie, you's being bad!"
The audience smiled, the minister coughed,
The little boys in the corner laughed,
The tenor-man shook like an aspen leaf,
And hid his face in his handkerchief.

—New York Mercury.

EVERYBODY

Is cordially invited to call and see our new

Carpet Department,

Which is the largest and best lighted Carpet Room in this part of Ohio. Made easy of access by our new stairway leading from Store room. Our Carpet room is the place to see just what you are buying. It is an undisputed fact that when Carpets are shown in dark rooms, or by the aid of artificial light, one is often deceived in colors and quality. So avail yourselves of the free and abundant light to choose your

CARPETS
—AND—
LACE CURTAINS,

Remember, we guarantee to show you as large a Stock of Carpets and Lace Curtains as can be found in the State. Our Styles are the best and our Prices the Lowest.

One Ticket

Will be given away with each and every Dollar's worth purchased in this Department, each ticket entitles the holder to one chance in that Elegant Brussel Carpet, with border to match, to be given away July 1st, 1884.

Respect'y. Yours,

Hay & Ransom.

INNOCENT fun is as good as any. The best medicine is not always bitter, Nor is a thing wicked solely because it is agreeable.

My Wife's Nervous Affection.

"We had ceased to hope that my wife's nervous affection could be cured," writes Rev. J. A. Edie, of Beaver, Pa. "Many physicians failed to do her good, but Samaritan Nervine has cured her." At druggists.

As reasonably expect oaks from a mushroom-bed as great and durable profits from small and hasty efforts.

A Book about Guns.

You can buy books on almost any subject, but Johnson, the Gun Man, sends free a large illustrated 64-page catalogue of rifles, shot guns, revolvers etc. Address Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburg, Pa.

OFTEN what a man takes for the dictate of conscience is nothing more than a whiff of impulse—a mere caprice.

PROF. BARRET, of St. Lawrence county, New York, speaking of pulmonary diseases, says not one death occurs now where twenty died before Down's Elixir was known. Sold by McNaughton.

LEARN in childhood, if you can, that happiness is not outside, but inside.

BAXTER'S Mandrake Bitters seem to hit all cases of biliousness and costiveness in a satisfactory manner. Sold by McNaughton.

WE usually learn to wait only when we have no longer anything to wait for.

THIS is the best season in which to purify the blood, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier. 100 doses one dollar.

THE pleasure of love is is in loving.

A GOOD heart and a clean conscience bring hapiness, which no riches and no circumstances alone ever do.

PHYSICANS recommend porous plasters in cases of Back Ache, Lame Side, Stiff Muscles, and all local pains. Hop Plaster are the best made, combining Fresh Hops and Gum. Ready to use, pleasant and powerful in action. 25 cts. at any drug store.

THE fire of vanity is fed by the fuel of flattery.

PRUDENCE and religion are above accidents, and draw good out of everything.

No man's spirits were ever hurt by doing his duty.

SOFT words, warm friends; bitter words, lasting enemies.

THOSE who live to benefit others are the happiest of mortals.

Republican County Convention.

REPUBLICAN COMMITTEE ROOMS,
Coshocton, Ohio, March 18, 1884.

The Republican County Convention will meet at Coshocton, on

Saturday, April 12, 1884,

At 1:30 P. M., for the purpose of electing five delegates and five alternates to represent Coshocton county in the State Convention, at Cleveland, April 23 and 24.

Also, to select twenty-seven delegates to represent Coshocton county in the Sixteenth Congressional District Convention, to be held at Coshocton, Ohio, April 17, 1884, for the purpose of selecting two delegates and two alternates to represent the above named District in the National Republican Convention to be held in Chicago, Ill., June 3d, 1884, and one Presidential Elector for said District. Also to transact such other business as may properly come before it. The basis of representation in this Convention will be one delegate for every twenty votes and a fraction over ten cast for Hon. J. B. Foraker for Governor in 1883.

The several Townships will be entitled to representation in said Convention as follows:

Adams	6	Mill Creek	2
Bedford	6	Monroe	5
Bethlehem	4	New Castle	4
Clark	5	Oxford	6
Crawford	3	Perry	4
Franklin	4	Pike	4
Jackson	11	Tiverton	2
Jefferson	5	Tuscarawas	24
Keene	7	Virginia	7
Lafayette	5	Washington	6
Linton	8	White Eyes	5
Total			183

The Committee would suggest that the Republicans of the several Townships meet on the day of our Spring election, April 7 next, and select their Delegates to the above named Convention, and also select some suitable person to serve as Township Central Committeeman for the ensuing year, and report the name to the County Convention.

By Order of Committee,
J. W. STANFORD, Chairman.
GEO. HILL, Sec'y.

Republican District Convention.

The Republicans of the 16th Congressional District of Ohio will meet in convention at Coshocton, Ohio, on Thursday, April 17th, 1884, at 2 o'clock p. m., to select and appoint one elector to be placed on the Republican Presidential ticket for Ohio for 1884, and two delegates and two alternates to represent said district at the Republican National Convention to be held at Chicago, Illinois, June 3d, 1884, and to transact any other business necessary to come before said District Convention. The basis of representation agreed on in said District Convention is one vote for every 100 votes cast for the Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio at the late October election, and one vote for every fraction of 50 votes and over. This gives the counties composing the District the following number of votes in the convention:

Coshocton	27
Licking	41
Muskingum	54
Tuscarawas	38
Total	160
Necessary to a choice	81

By order of the Republican District Committee for the 16th Congressional District of Ohio.

E. NICHOLS,
T. J. NEWMAN,
J. G. MAGAW,
J. L. MCILVAINE,
} Dis. Com.

Ruin Wrought in the Forest.

How depressing it is to see acres of trees cut down in the midst of a noble forest. How saddening it is to see that thin spot in the midst of your otherwise abundant hair. Stop it at once by the use of Parker's Hair Balsam. For actual efficiency this famous article stands at the head of its class. Elegant for the toilet, delicious in odor, and restores the original color to gray or faded hair. Economical, as a slight, occasional application keeps the hair and scalp in perfect order.

The Highest Education

There is a great deal that is wrong in our modern method of education. It teaches a man to be a gentleman, but yet does not give him the power of making a living. It stuffs him with fact and meaningless words, phrases and theories, but does not enable him to think for himself and become a man in the highest and best sense. His education is too general and not practical enough. All classes should be taught that PERUNA—the great remedy compounded by Dr. Hartman—is the very thing he needs for the restoration of his health and the toning up of the body. Being composed of pure vegetable substances and containing no poisonous minerals, it is just the thing for all classes of people, and all should learn at once that it is to their interest to inquire into the merits of this medicine, for therein lies the highest education. Ask your druggist for PERUNA.

Pittsburgh Medical Institute.

Established for the Special Treatment of

Nervous and Chronic Diseases.

OFFICES, NOS. 16, 17 AND 18 BISSELL BLOCK, PITTSBURGH, PA.

DR. ALBERT,

Of the above MEDICAL INSTITUTE, on account of his increasing practice in Coshocton, Ohio, will make his SECOND VISIT at **Tuesday, June 17th,** and remain two days at the

PARK HOTEL.

WHERE HE CAN BE CONSULTED ON

Diseases of the THROAT and LUNGS, KIDNEYS and BLADDER.

As well as all

NERVOUS AND CHRONIC DISEASES.

DR. ALBERT is a regular graduate of one of the most eminent Medical Colleges of New York, and gives his special attention to the treatment of all forms of

Nervous and Chronic Diseases,

Blood Poison, Skin Diseases, Diseases of the Bladder, Kidneys and other organs; Rheumatism, Weakness, Nervous and General Debility, Mental and Physical Prostration, Broken-down Constitutions, Blotches, Nervousness, Dimness of Sight, Cough, Indigestion, Despondency, Confusion of Ideas, Aversion to Society, Defective Memory, &c.,

Successfully Treated and Permanently Cured by Remedies that are not Injurious.

DR. ALBERT has discovered the greatest cure in the world for Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Involuntary discharges, Impotency, General Debility, Nervousness, Languor, Confusion of Ideas, Palpitation of the Heart, Timidity, Trembling, Dimness of Sight, or Giddiness, Diseases of the Head, Throat, Nose or Skin, Affections of the Liver, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels—those terrible disorders arising from solitary habits of youth, and secret habits, which unfit the victim for business or other duties of life—blighting their most radiant hopes or anticipations, rendering marriage impossible.

YOUNG MEN

Who have become victims of solitary vice, that dreadful and destructive habit which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of young men of exalted talent and brilliant intellect, may call with full confidence.

MARRIAGE.

MARRIED PERSONS or young men contemplating marriage, aware of Physical Weakness Loss of Procreative Power, Impotency, or any other disqualifications, speedily relieved. He who places himself under the care of DR. ALBERT, may confide in his honor as a gentleman and confidentially rely upon his skill as a physician.

ORGANAL WEAKNESS

Immediately cured and full vigor restored. This distressing affliction—which renders life a burden and marriage impossible—is the penalty paid by the victim of improper indulgence. Young persons are too apt to commit excesses from not being aware of the dreadful consequences that ensue. Now who that understands this subject will deny that procreation is lost sooner by those falling into improper habits than by the prudent? Besides being deprived of the pleasure of healthy offspring, the most serious destructive symptoms of both mind and body arise. The system becomes deranged, the physical and mental functions weakened. Loss of Procreative Power, Nervous Irritability, Dyspepsia, Palpitation of the Heart, Indigestion, Constitutional Debility, Wasting of the Frame, Cough, Consumption, and death.

A CURE WARRANTED.

PERSONS RUINED in health by unlearned pretenders, who keep them trifling month after month, taking poisonous and injurious compounds, should apply immediately.

DR. ALBERT has effected some of the most astonishing cures that were ever known. Many troubled with ringing in the head and ears when asleep, great nervousness, being alarmed at certain sounds with frequent blushing attended sometimes with derangements of the mind, were immediately cured.

Take Particular Notice

DR. ALBERT addresses all those who have injured themselves by improper indulgence and solitary habits which ruin both mind and body, unfitting them for business, study, society or marriage. These are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by the early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pain in the Head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsia, Nervous Irritability, Derangement of the Digestive Function, Debility, Consumption, Etc.

REMARKABLE CURES perfected in old cases which have been neglected or unskillfully treated. **NO EXPERIMENTS OR FAILURES,** it being self-evident that a Physician that confines himself exclusively to the study of certain classes of diseases, and who treats thousands every year must acquire greater skill in those branches than one in general practice. Parties treated by mail and express, but when possible personal consultation is preferred, which is FREE AND INVITED. CHARGES MODERATE AND CURABLE CASES GUARANTEED. Address, with postage,

DR. ALBERT,
P. O. BOX 1146, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Cases and correspondence sacredly confidential. Treatment sent C. O. D., to any part of the United States. Mar15-3m.

AWAKE! ARISE!

And see that our stock is entirely new. The latest improved. Equal to any and surpassed by none.

The Best is the Cheapest.

We are prepared to furnish Implements and Heavy Machinery at the Lowest possible Prices, and on the most **REASONABLE TERMS.** Our stock only requires an intelligent farmer to see and try the merits of our new and improved Implements to appreciate their value.

PLOWS.

Sulky Breaking, called Bonanza, with high wheels, causing it to run lighter than any in the market.

Sulky Breaking Combination Plow, with turntable, no hoisting out of the ground when turning corners.

B. D. Gebbs Combination Walking Plow, Improvement on the Pearless.

Old Reliable South Bend Plows.
Star or Burch Improved Plows.
Combination Clipper Plows.
The Old Wilson Steel Plows.

HARVEST MACHINERY.

Reliable and Improved McCormick Twine Binder, Daisey Reaper, Fremont New Mower, Iron Mower, Quaker City Mower.

Steel Tooth Hay Rakes.
Revolving Hay Rakes.
Hay Feeders.
Hay Elevators.
Steam Engines.
Threshing Machines.
Champion Grain Drills.
Champion Fertilizer Drill.
Pure Bone Fertilizer.
Pure Bone Chicken Food.
Ovel Churns.
Clothes Wringers.
Clothes Washers.
Clothes Racks.
Sewing Machines.
Grinle Stones.
School Desks.
Flower Seeds.
Field Rollers.
Iron Duke Harrow.
Ackme Harrow.
Wood Frame Harrow.
Corn Cultivators.
Corn Cultivators on wheels.
Corn Planters.
Corn Fertilizers.
Drain Tile.
Sewer Pipe.
Chimney Flues.
Porceline Pumps.
Wood Pumps.
Chain Pumps.
Iron Pipe.
Three-Horse Evenons.
Two-Horse Doubletrees.
Wheelbarrows.

The above is only a partial list of Implements and Machines in which we deal, and are acting as Agents. All of which will be sold at the Lowest Possible Prices, including fine first-class Buggies, with Howe's self-oiling Axel, made at Coshocton Steel Works.

ELLIOTT & ASKRENS,

MAIN STREET, COSHOCTON O.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

EYRE'S ACQUITTAL.

A SEQUEL TO MADCAP; OR, THE STORY OF A SIN.

BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

PART I

CHAPTER VII.

No regular notifications of the hour of Lord Lovel's funeral were sent out, or invitations in the county given; nevertheless, nearly every man of any consequence in Devonshire, so that from the gates of the Towers to the churchyard there was an unbroken procession of men and women all on foot, as were the pall-bearers, so that not a sign of ostentation of hired grief marred the spectacle.

Some of those present (as rumor said that this was about the anniversary of Mrs. Eyre's burying; but there were no flowers on this coffin, nor did Mr. Eyre follow, but a bright-faced boy brought fresh from school, and looking round repeatedly for the only face he knew among the bewildering crowd at his heels. But with his habitual contempt for laws and appearances, Mr. Eyre came last of all, leading a little child, whose dressing had possibly delayed him, as she had a bonnet on over her white pinafore, and a bonnet that certainly was never made for her, while certainly was never made for her, while a pair of her father's gauntleted gloves extended to her shoulders, and kept dry and warm her dimpled hands and arms.

Though they came last, the crowd divided, and the right of precedence at the grave was given them; indeed, a clear circle was left around the pair, that might have touched a less sensitive man than Mr. Eyre; but the only sign of feeling he gave during the burial service was when he looked down at the child's feet, and for the first time observing that she wore shoes, snatched her up, and, having stripped them off, chafed her feet, then wrapped them and her warmly in his cloak, and stood impassible as before.

Madcap the younger had been quite happy as she trotted along beside him, and the sight of so many people, and some familiar faces, pleased her, but she was happiest of all when "Dad" took her up, and from the remoteness of his stature gave her a bird's-eye view of the proceedings that ended in a long chasm at a boy, whose head did not reach her father's elbow as he stood behind it.

When that droll little head popped over Mr. Eyre's shoulder, the boy looked up, and fell in love at once with her, so that when her blue eyes dropped to him, and her rosy lips pouted to him in token of satisfaction, it was natural enough that he should reach up to, and kiss her.

Colonel Busby was a witness to the little scene, and considered it unseemly to the last degree. The villagers whispered that here was the old story over again, a Lovel would love a Madcap, even to his own undoing, to the end of time. Most of those present thought of how Frank had led Doone at the older Madcap's funeral; and some of them saw, grudgingly, how Providence, in meting out its bitters, had kept some sweets for Mr. Eyre yet. His innocence, too, was clear, and men wondered that they could have doubted him; even Colonel Busby, with a sigh, relinquished his suspicions, and hated him worse than before.

Those who saw him that day this terrible man, this monster of evil incarnate, who had stalked fearless, unheeding, through tragedies at which an angel might have wept—with a little child clinging to his hard, pattting, looking up into his face with perfect trust and love, somehow they felt their conviction of his Satanship could by shaken, and in every breast was wrought a revulsion of feeling towards him.

Perhaps some of the men thought of how great had been his wife's love for him, and she had not be a one to love unworthily; perhaps every woman present saw that he had dies and the child himself, and more than one mother's heart yearned to him as she marked the laboriously tied bonnet strings, the clumsily knotted bow, and smiled, with a tear between, at the incongruous elegance that had put warm darkness on, but shoed the little one with brown paper.

Mr. Eyre had glanced neither to right nor left among the crowd, so that it was conjecture were present that day he did not know it, and room had to find in his no one the opportunity of either turning a friendly or a cold face toward him.

He seemed neither to see nor heed them, as he turned abruptly and left the churchyard, followed by the young heir, who obeyed a little commanding hand that beckoned him over her father's shoulder, so that the three entered the Towers together.

When the lawyer and others (including Colonel Busby, who must hear the will read, or die) came in, they found Mr. Eyre drying his daughter's shoes by the library fire, while she was feeding the heir with cake, and kissing him when her own mouth was not full.

He was like Doune, her brother, only older and kinder; and her little heart went out to him at once, while the boy had no sister and only a fine-lady cuckoo-mother, who had never loved him.

And if he hung his head and blushed a little, he loved her, too, and took her image back to school with him that day, so that when, alone, he would blush again at the thought of her, and long to feel the touch of those velvet lips again.

The Duke of Marmiton, who had been one of those passed unnoticed at the grave, on entering the room, took Mr. Eyre's hand very warmly (not seeming to notice that it was his left, the right being occupied with Madcap's shoe), and bade him a hearty welcome home after his wanderings.

Mr. Eyre met these good wishes kindly, inquired for the Duchess, and, having dried the shoes to his satisfaction, put them on, and told the children to go and play quietly in a corner till he wanted them.

Meanwhile all waited, as people were wont to wait for this man, no matter what might be the rank of those who attended him, and when he came back to the fireplace and gave the signal to begin, the lawyer commenced to read like an automaton, and in less than two minutes, so simply was the will worded, every soul present (save the children) knew its gist.

It was dated three and a half years ago, and immediately after Lord Lovel had returned from his long absence with his regiment abroad.

He bequeathed everything that belonged to him, unentailed, to Madcap, wife to Doune Eyre, of the Red Hall, and failing her, to her daughter, should she have one; if not, to her younger son, Doody, and failing him, to her eldest, Doune Hamilton Eyre.

"Ten thousand a year if it's a penny!" said Colonel Busby, almost before the lawyer had ceased to read.

"As guardian to young Lord Lovel," said the lawyer, folding up the will, and addressing Mr. Eyre, "you will, of course, arrange for his holidays, his education, and so forth, as you have done before. I drew up his father's will, in which you were appointed his guardian (though at that time no one ever supposed he would succeed to the title), and his mother has asked me to say that from henceforth she trusts you will assume a more active guardianship than you have hitherto done."

"Let him come here when he pleases, or—stay—to the Red Hall; he cannot be much older than Doune, and they can amuse each other. Tell that very fine lady, his mother, that she need never try to stifle herself with country breezes as long as I'm alive, or leave her young, new husband for an hour to concern herself about her boy—the only creature his father ever loved."

"Geoffrey Lovel did well to leave his son in your care," said the Duke, gravely, "but I wish we had Frank here, though he could not have died better."

"Would to God he lived!" said Mr. Eyre, with a passion that he had never before betrayed; and one man present thought how badly he wore his mask of hypocrite, while the others blamed themselves the more for any doubts they might have harbored of him.

For gradually (there being no one to keep order) the room had filled, and many a friend and tenant of Frank, and Frank's father, heard Mr. Eyre's words, so that when he had picked up his little daughter, and bade the young heir "Good-by till Christmas," nodding, in farewell, to the lawyer, and bowed as he passed out among men who had already half forgiven him for his strange behavior by the grave.

"A most extraordinary will and a strange guardianship," said Colonel Busby, approaching the Duke, who was drawing on his gloves, and feeling that while he loved to understood Mr. Eyre as little as ever, "and a most extraordinary business altogether, I take it?"

"I see nothing strange in any part of it," said the Duke, oddly. "The Lovels and Eyres have been friends for many generations, and these two men were extraordinarily attached to each other. As to the guardianship, it is perfectly natural. Mr. Eyre and Geoffrey Lovel were intimates and of about the same age, and Mrs. Lovel being a handsome woman, and likely to marry again, he did not wish to leave his son's prospects at the mercy of a step-father."

"Well, well," said Colonel Busby; "there's nothing succeeds like success. He is to cruise over as old, I suppose, just as he did formerly, and what's black in others is white in him, and he'll learn no lesson himself, but be for ever teaching us ours."

"He has suffered severely," said the Duke, gravely. "I was shocked at the change in him, and I think"—here the Duke raised his voice so that all around heard him "it would be more seemly if further reference to past scandals ceased, the more especially as certain infamous rumors spread to Mr. Eyre's discredit had, during the past few days, been refuted beyond the shadow of a doubt."

His people were in waiting without, and he went away after he had spoken, bearing himself well, in spite of his sixty-five years, and immediately after him came the young heir and the lawyer, who had traveled down together, and were leaving by the afternoon train for town.

As the boy stood on through the early November dusk he thought nothing of his inheritance, but only of the Christmas holidays, when he would once more see little Madcap—that was her name, as she had been careful to tell him, in the corner—Madcap Eyre.

CHAPTER VIII.

From the moment that Mr. Eyre had shut the police out, he had admitted no one to his house save a stout kitchen wench, whom he had himself fetched from the village, and installed in the kitchen, forbidding her to move beyond it, or to receive company therein, on peril of her instant dismissal. He did the foraging himself, and would stalk in with an armful of leaves and flesh, but the only culinary point upon which he showed anxiety was the child's bread and milk, and this he would have boiled to a nicety, standing over her so as to confound the woman who had hitherto only courtesied to him, trembling, from afar.

No trifle that affected the child's health or happiness was beyond his care or dignity; in the recesses of the scullery the woman often marvelled how "master" managed to keep her so clean and neat, since, by all accounts, he had never troubled himself about his other children, or probably seen one of them dressed or undressed in his life.

One room only had been kept sacred from the inheritors and other seekers; this was the bed room of the late Mrs. Eyre. Mr. Eyre went to it some two or three times daily, but spent the greater part of his indoor existence in the nursery, where, in feeding, washing, dressing, and amusing Madcap's child, he found himself sufficiently busy.

He could not endure to call in some rough village girl to take charge of her; he had written to town for such a person as he wanted, and meantime he could leave the child alone as often as he pleased, always happy, always singing, in all things the dawn of that other bright fondly cherished Madcap, whose spring and early summer time had belonged to Mr. Eyre.

The child had his own independence of thought and power of endurance curiously reproduced in this little child of hardly three years, and perhaps was the more drawn to her that, though outwardly Madcap's very copy, inwardly she was himself, with his own strain of character, courage, and will.

He blessed Josephine that at least she had not taught the child *fear*—however negligent or unprincipled the Frenchwoman might have been, she had clearly not been unkind to her, and she had kept the child's person and linen exquisitely, so that Mr. Eyre had no trouble on the score of clothes, and with clumsy hands kept her as fresh and clean as a new pin.

When, on the night after his return, she knelt up close to his breast and said her evening prayers, he hardened to her like one in a dream; how long ago was it he had heard such words?—

In the kingdom of thy grace
Give thy lamb a little place!

It had been something like this that Dody was saying one morning when he surprised the young mother and her boys together, and he had harshly sent them away from her.

O! Heavens, how cruel he had been to her! He knew now what it must have cost her to unwind Dody's arms from about her neck, how his stifled sobs must have wrung her heart as the little brothers went heavily away. . . . She had said to him once that he knew not the kingdom of love he missed in his children. Yet, had those were boys, and this was Madcap, and the only true love, the universal love, was as far from Mr. Eyre's heart now as ever.

The old jealousy of his character, too was strong in him yet; he had winced that day when the child ran to the heir (for of Doone he had pantomime by the grave he was ignorant) and kissed him; he was jealous even of Doune, whose name she mentioned with love in her confidences, revealing her brother in a new light to that in which Mr. Eyre had viewed him, stilted, stubborn son.

To-night, when she had fallen asleep in her little cot, Mr. Eyre sat for awhile watching her as a poor man who hugs himself in the joy of a mineralogist found treasure; then taking a light, went to his wife's room, and, as usual, sat down, bent on unriddling the puzzle that room contained.

Sooner or later, he was convinced that his mind would recover the lost clew that so eternally baffled him. Some day he would *remember* something that had happened in this room on the night of the murder, and that he had forgotten; for the knowledge was in his brain—perchance in some diseased cell of it, but it was there—and he knew it.

Next day he got a message from the sea. A wretched stowaway in an outward bound coaling-ship was discovered within twenty-four hours of its sailing, and when they dragged him forth he cunn unresistingly enough, for he was dead. By a letter found in his pocket, addressed to him at Lovel by a London firm of seedsmen, he was at once identified, and the ship put back to have the body at the sea-port village whence the captain had unwillingly brought him. The reward set on his head by Mr. Eyre made the man's body a valuable one, and a messenger to the Red Hall (only a dozen miles distant) soon brought its master to the ship, and to the narrow bunk where lay all that remained of a once faithful servant. But though Mr. Eyre found intense horror and fear stamped on the gardener's features, he could not detect the look of the murderer who leaps into Eternity, fearing to confront face to face with his victim.

But none held with Mr. Eyre's belief in the man's innocence, and it was only by the exertion of great influence that Digges obtained Christian burial, for on all sides and by her husband's friends and foes alike he was accepted as the murderer of Mrs. Eyre.

CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Eyre was now at leisure to think about Hester Clarke; but on inquiry at the house in which she had lodged he heard that she had left the place on the morning after the funeral of Mrs. Eyre and her child. She had announced her intention of joining her former servant, Janet Stork, now undergoing penal servitude for the murder of Hester Clarke's child. Mr. Eyre asked if there had been any interview between the woman Clarke and Lord Lovel the night before she left.

"*Women*, Sir!" said Mr. Eyre's tenant, as if she felt keenly his insult to the whole sex; "well none but a woman would have spent a whole November night faredownward on wet sigls. When I got her home at eleven there was as little life in her as her worst enemy could have wished."

"She saw Lord Lovel before she left?" said Mr. Eyre, reading the woman's soul like an open page.

"Ay—and I don't know all he said to her. It seemed to me (from a word or two I caught) as if they was agreed to save the guilty person"—here she shield some woman's cold eyes scanned Mr. Eyre.

"So whatever secret knowledge Frank had, Hester shieldes it," thought Mr. Eyre, looking round at the humbly furnished room that he had only hitherto seen from the outside, then turned to the woman and said;

"You have heard from Hester Clarke?"

"Ay—once or twiches."

"She has thoughts of coming back?"

"That's as may be. There's some to whom she'd be none too welcome."

"Tell her when you write," said Mr. Eyre, "that the sooner she comes home the better, and if she doesn't, that I shall go out to fetch her. We have some scores to settle, she and I."

"I'll tell her, sir," said the woman, dropping an abrupt courtesy as he opened the door to depart, "but I think the place is hardly safe for her—she's best where she is."

"But she will come here all the same," said Mr. Eyre, carelessly.

"So you never thought her guilty?" he added, his eyes reading the woman's soul.

"Shy?" said the woman, incredulously. "I got to know her through and through in the six months she was here—and she was a good woman to her heart's core."

But Mr. Eyre thought of Madcap, and how she might be alive now but for Hester Clarke's crossing his path, bringing to light a buried sin, and his stern features darkened as he turned to go.

"She has bribed you, I suppose," he said. "Well, give her my message when you write," and he went out.

The woman stood looking after him awhile as he mounted his horse and rode away, the hatred of her glance dying out in slow, bitter tears. That seemed to furrow her cheeks as they fell.

"Loved her, wronged her, hated her, and would have hanged her if he could—he tried hard enough," she muttered aloud as Mr. Eyre disappeared; "and Hester never did him any harm, never meant any, but just stayed on and on, because she couldn't tear herself away from his child, his image of her own."

But Mr. Eyre as he rode homeward thought little of the woman's significance of manner, his mind was occupied with the main fact that Hester Clarke was within reach of a six weeks' voyage, and that at any given time he could by his longest or hardest ride, compel the cowed hitherto to turn without haste to the remodeling of his establishment and other affairs that had fallen somewhat into neglect during his long absence. To be sure, he had left an agent in charge of his estate, and the man had done well, but not *too* well, so that Mr. Eyre for many days found duty out of doors, after which he took his pleasure *within*.

The nurse had arrived from town, a woman in early middle age, who had lost both husband and children, and so understood little Madcap, who occupied her new nurseries opposite Mr. Eyre's bed-room, so that he could see her at any moment, whether he crossed to her, or she to him.

Where he had laid his life down, three years ago, he now took it up, without a lost stitch; nothing was omitted or forgotten, and when he took his place on the bench with his brother magistrates, it was with the old impulse of admiration that they welcomed him.

He had done amiss, but in their thoughts they had wronged him, and the Duke's example was not to be gainsaid; while those who had a secret sin or two on their consciences felt the more warmly to him, as one who had victoriously borne their punishment, so that the attitude of the whole county was friendly, and a considerable surprise to Mr. Eyre. This was the second time that he had rehabilitated himself in his world's esteem; and Colonel Busby, standing aloof, mused to some purpose on the folly of human nature, though to very little effect on himself.

His curiosity was so insatiable that he could not give over telling at the Red Hall, and so, consenting to the iniquity of Mr. Eyre's presence among his peers; but he found little enough to reward his investigations there. Mr. Eyre's life was that of a simple, everyday country gentleman of large estates, who devoted all his spare time to a little daughter; so that often you would meet the pair on foot, or even on horseback, she on the saddle before him, with the reins in her hands (though he held them too), and delighted with the fancied skill that urged on or restrained the favorite black that Mr. Eyre invariably rode.

They came to be a familiar enough sight in the village, where formerly Mr. Eyre had been rarely seen, save by his wife's side; and the women pitied and the men forgave him his past as, day by day, he went among them, always with the little child, whom he led carefully, and not as ignorant or heedless mothers do, suffering them to fall into danger while his hands were ever ready to receive her when she showed fatigue; and in all this no touch of ridicule attached itself to the stern, proud man.

She was so fearless, and his own fiber was so strong in her, that any one but a coward would have taken her courage for obstinacy; but he knew better, and by no restraint or harshness would have shaken a feather from the crown of independence that sat so well upon her baby brows. For when the child came to him in the depths of his despair, he got a glimpse of a life beyond—as a streak of light on the ocean will show to one who stands in the darkness on a stormtossed promontory; and beyond himself he saw something for which he might live, while *for* himself he could only die.

Here was the aftermath of his life, as the furze cropped by the lambs in spring bursts out defiantly in golden autumn blossom, delighting the gazer with unexpected riches, and knowing itself secure from any such second destruction. By the time little Madcap was grown up, the story of her mother and his own sin would be forgotten; and as he had shielded her mother from that knowledge, so he would make shift to shield her daughter after her.

Already he was used to the strong fresh current of healthy life that a child brings with it, already he was charming the unselfishness that a child's daily presence teaches one, and by degrees his soul and mind opened to the beauty and preciousness of the "children's kingdom" that is ever among us, and by which we might keep our hearts pure and undefiled, would we but enter it oftener.

For in the love for little children is no passion, only a yearning tenderness, through which the universal, the only true love is learnt; and those who watched Mr. Eyre said that the will of the man was learning submission to his Maker through his heart, and that by the hand of a little child was he being led back to God.

For every Sunday you would see the pair in church, though in his wife's life time he had not gone there a score of times, and this regularity of attendance had been imaginaned by the little one herself in these first days when Mr. Eyre was entirely her slave.

"Bells going—church time," she had said standing still to listen, the first Sunday morning after Mr. Eyre's return. "Come along," she added, pulling at his hand; and so they went through the village together, past the older Madcap's grave and Frank's fresh one, appalling the sanctimonious and rejoicing the villagers by the unorthodoxy of their appearance.

I think that most of us are conscious of a desire sometimes to be able to go back to the traditions and beliefs of our youth. . . . A line from an old hymn, the turn of a well-remembered tune will for a moment renew in us devout, unquestioning faith of our early years, so that we return to our everyday life with a curious sense of its worthlessness and our shame. And as a man who thrusts a cup of healing from his lips, crying out that he loathes though he has never tasted it, so until now Mr. Eyre had disliked children—those crystal shapes that, so long as we do not try to cast them to our own mold, keep their Divine freshness. . . . His books became stale to him beside this fresh and exquisite page of childhood, over which he gathered fresh draughts of strength and happiness as he read. To hear her sing, in her little, pure, thin, sweet voice, unlike anything else in the world (and that is to sound what the freshness of dawn is to morning) gave him a queer thrill of joy; while her prayers, said at his knee, brought to her eyes that intolerable smart which is a strong man's way of weeping.

"You *not* a bad man," she cried, one night, in a passionate burst of tears, when some hasty expressions of anguish escaped him; and in this, perhaps, lay her strength, that she trusted and was absolutely fearless of him, as her mother had been; so that she reinstated him in his self-esteem, and, secure in the worship of the only thing he loved, Mr. Eyre faced his world defiantly, as of old, not caring one rush for its evil or good opinion.

Children grow *toward* you, men and women away from you; and every day Mr. Eyre felt more secure of his treasure, tested more jealously the docility, courage, and beauty of the spirit that had his wife's finer qualities and his own strength. Harshness was not needed here, and on one occasion only he had served himself to punish her, and then by solitary confinement. But as he turned the key on her, he felt as though he were his own idolized wife that he was treating thus harshly, and anxiously listened for the first sound from within.

For a full minute there was silence; then toddling steps approached the door, and a young, sternly rebuking voice of a child said through the keyhole:

"*Dad!* are you good *now?*"

Before the inexhaustible dignity of childhood the man's sank, leaving only the better part, so that he was often engaged in offices for her that he would formerly have despised.

But his was not that foudness for her which would—

Nourish the frame, destroy the mind,
Turn to the blind mistaid the blind,
Men will wrangle and women fret.

Only as yet he found no seeds of evil to check, nor even any of those outbursts of temper that he had often observed in his eldest son.

If one doubts that children suffer even more keenly than their grown people, let them wrench from time to time in the newspapers of some poor maddened child who, in the unbearable agony of spirit that possesses him at some needlessly harsh reproof, or barbarous punishment, wanders out, his number helpless brain in a whirl and unable to look *beyond* as a grown person would, takes the irreversible step that plunges it into Eternity. For the harsh, cruel words that would take no effect on a man or woman are literally accepted by a child, and may prove the turning point of his life (if it do not drive him to despair), hardening firmness to obstinacy, gentleness to cowardice, weakness to vice—above all let us remember how quickly the real troubles of life will begin, and in these early years let us assure to them such happiness as we can.

To such a fate as one of these Mr. Eyre had unconsciously done his best to drive the boy whom he took pride to himself that he had never punished. True, he had never beaten him, nor even been unduly harsh, save when the child diverted his mother's attention from *himself*; but when that mother died, the mother whom the boy worshiped, and who had been the religion of his young life, the father had not a thought to give to the five-year-old boy whose heart was silently breaking in the loneliness of his nursery, and in whose mind was slowly growing a repressed, bitter sense of ill-usage that might wrap his character to all eternity.

Doune knew that his lost younger brother Dody had been his mother's favorite child; but this could not affect his silent, intense love for her, and full well he knew that she had loved him too. If she had petted his brother more than he, it was because the boy was utterly unlike in disposition—Doune all strength, Dody all sweetness—Doune passionate, proud, unforgiving, very rarely showing a sign of affection for even his mother, in all essentials the opposite of Dody, who seemed made expressly to win love. An impression once made upon the boy seemed indelible, and his father's harshness has gradually alienated the child's heart from him so entirely that it seemed impossible that there could be any cordial understanding between them in the future.

But the one tie that bound the boy to life, that saved him from some rash deed of despair, was the baby-sister that his mother had left in the nursery when she went away, and Dody had so gladly and quickly followed her.

It was a girl, and it had been named after his mother, and might grow up like her; and hour after hour the boy would sit by the cradle of the babe, whose every hour threatened to be its last, so that when the boy was taken away to school he kissed the tiny face with a bitter, black despair in his young heart, thinking that he would see her, too, no more.

Mr. Eyre was entirely ignorant of the antagonism to him in his young son's mind, he had never given him half a dozen consecutive thoughts in his life, and, having sent him to school before his departure for abroad, had not even remembered him till the night of his return home. The boy was well enough, no doubt—as to his holidays, no doubt the lawyers had provided about that, or so Mr. Eyre thought, till one day little Madcap began talking about her brother, she having to all appearance entirely forgotten him until an accident brought him to her mind.

Mr. Eyre was holding the younger Madcap up to the portrait of the older one, which had been painted in the heyday of her youth and love; but the child, after gravely looking at it, shook her head, and said;

"I don't remember her!"

"That is your mother," said Mr. Eyre.

"No! that's a young girl," said little Madcap, still disbelieving; "but Doony comes here every day, and talks, and talks, and talks to her, and sometimes he falls sound to sleep, and Joey and me can't wake him up. Pa's no doesn't like to leave her up there all by her lone self."

The little wistful ignorant face smote Mr. Eyre with the first pang for his son that he had ever known, but there was jealousy in his voice as he said;

"You love your brother Doune?"

She nodded her bright head emphatically.

"When's Kismas?" she said. "Doony come home Kismas, and *Dad* shall make us a Kismas-tree!"

It was now early in December, so that in a fortnight, or thereabouts, the boy in a foreign land would be here; but perhaps he did not realize how profound a change Doune might work in his every-day life, till one morning when little Madcap ran into his bedroom, in her hand an unopened letter.

It was addressed to her own sweet, small self, and, as she kissed it lavishly before she laboriously undid the envelope and permitted "Dad" to read it to her.

"Darling Madcap" (ran this letter from the eight-year-old boy, laboriously written down to the comprehension of three years), "I shall be home very soon. You get Joey to put fourteen apples in a row, and you eat one every day, and when you come to the *very* last one you will see me. I hear father has come home, but don't you be afraid of him, he won't beat you, and soon you'll have me for a little *cavee of you*. Tell Joey to be sure and dust mother's picture *every day*. I shall be able to do it myself without the steps soon, and tell Digges, with my love, not to forget the flowers for the place where you and I go every morning, and then when we'll go when I come back. I have got you a doll that opens and shuts its eyes"—

"I'd rather have you or Doony to talk to," said Madcap the younger, wrinkling up her small nose with an air of disgust, "this never say *nothinkl*"

"And a white rabbit," resumed Mr. Eyre, reading; "and I'm going to teach you your alphabet; mother taught me mine when I was only *two*. I shall make the white rabbit a burrow in the nursery. So that you can run in through my room of a morning to look at it without catching a cold; and I hope Joey keeps your feet dry, because poor Dody died from getting his feet wet, you know."

"Going out without any shoes or stockings to pick a nosa for mamma," said little Madcap, nodding.

"And if you were to die, I should drown myself, and no one would be sorry except Diggers. And don't you cry for Doone, he is unkind to you—only cowards cry—and *I'll* take care of you safe enough when I come back. Good-by and God bless you, my darling little Madcap, and with my dearest love and a kiss,

"I am, your ever-loving brother,

"DOUNE."

"Dear Doony!" said the child, "and a white rabbit!"—and she hugged herself all up together for joy—"have to go back to my nursery now, and leave Dad—poor old Dad! Naughty Doony, to say you're cross—you're always kind to me, and I'm kind to you, *aren't I?*"

But for the first time since those dimpled arms had stolen round his neck Mr. Eyre unbossed them, and set her down, his jealous soul for the first time realizing that he possessed only a half share, not the whole of her heart, and that Doune had got three years' start of him in her love.

From that moment the silent struggle between father and son began; and in both hearts the hostile spirit grew clear and strong, so that the child learned no lesson; her's was his old selfishness of character over again, and he was repeating the very sin (linearly on a in her eyes) that had so wounded his wife, and made her exceeding love for her children seem a boy but half-tasted, she could not share it.

But after that one impulse of anger against his little daughter because he was not the only him in being that she loved, he devoted himself to her more than ever, riveting her to himself more closely with fresh chains each day, and putting forth his every charm and power of commanding love to win the simple, tender heart of the three-year-old child in whose breast he must be first, or nothing.

And out of the full cup of her childish tender heart she repaid him richly, looking to him more each day, so that she even forgot Doune's home-coming, and did not remember the fourteen apples that she was to eat, till the last one for each day, though Mr. Eyre counted the very hours grudgingly, enjoying them with a zest that uncertainty always roused in him, though other men might meet it with dread.

Yet his wife had been able to love, no, one but the original Madcap had fused children and husband alike into one perfect love that had filled her life with a song of joy, while soul and body danced a measure far beyond the powers or comprehension of Mr. Eyre.

[To be Continued.]

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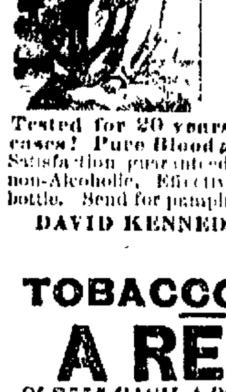

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THE INNOCENT CORK PEOPLE.

"You look a little tired," said the dark-faced man, taking the pipe out of his mouth and addressing me as we sat together one winter's evening in the fireplace in the commercial room of the Gresham, in Sackville street.

"I am tired," I replied wearily.

"Been traveling?"

"Yes, I have just come from Cork."

"Nice place, Cork," said the dark-faced man, glancing at me from under his bushy eyebrows.

"Well, yes, it is," said I, "a fine city."

"Very innocent people, these Cork people," said the dark-faced man, whilst he slowly refilled his meerschaum.

"Yes," I replied, "they are; and a warm, good-natured people. I like them very much."

"But innocent they are innocent, aren't they?" he asked again rather curiously.

"Well, I dare say they are," said I, not over-pleased with his assertiveness on the subject.

"Yes, of course they are," he said, sententiously, and then relapsed into silence.

"You have been in Cork?" I asked, not satisfied to let the conversation drop.

"Yes, I was, young man, once."

"You seemed to have admired them very much?"

"Of course I did. Who does not? They have many charming virtues—innocence and simplicity being about their greatest."

I felt there was a story behind the speaker's words, so I simply said:

"How did you come to learn and to feel so strongly the existence of these qualities from one visit?"

"Perhaps you are too tired to listen to it. It is rather a long story."

"Not at all," said I, quickly; "it is just what I should like of all things. We shall fill our pipes, and if you will allow me to replenish these tumblers."

"All right," said he, "go ahead."

When we had filled our pipes, taken a few pulls and a few sips from the smoking tumblers that stood at our respective elbows, the dark-faced man commenced:

One fine autumn evening, about thirty years ago, I was traveling on horseback from Millstreet to Cork.

I felt tolerably tired and was looking out for some wayside inn where I might pass the night, when a sudden and violent thunder storm came on. My horse, terrified by the lightning, fairly took the bridle between his teeth and started off with me at full gallop through the lanes and cross-roads, until at length I managed to pull him up at the door of a neat-looking country inn.

"Well," I thought, "there was wit in your madness, old boy, since it brought us to this comfortable refuge." And, alighting, I gave him in charge to the stout farmer's boy, who acted as hostler.

When I entered the kitchen of the humble hotel, I found a number of travelers gathered round the fire waiting for supper. I joined the party.

Presently, being summoned by the hostess, we all sat down, twelve in number, to a smoking repast of bacon and eggs.

The conversation turned on the mishaps, occasioned by the storm, of which every one seemed to have his full share. One had been thrown off his horse, another, driving a gig, had been upset in a muddy ditch; all had got a thorough wetting, and agreed unanimously that it was dreadful weather—a perfect witches' Sabbath.

"Witches and ghosts prefer for their Sabbath a fine, moonlight night to such weather as this!"

The words were uttered in a solemn tone by one of the company. He was a tall fair-looking man, and appeared to be a commercial traveler.

The next neighbor, who was a gay, fashionably-dressed young man, burst into a peal of laughter, saying:

"You must know the custom of ghosts very well to be able to tell that they dislike getting wet or muddy."

The first speaker, glancing contemptuously at him, said:

"You shouldn't speak so lightly of things beyond your comprehension."

The young man stood up, flushed with anger, but resumed his seat, saying calmly:

"That taunt would cost you dear, were it not such a foolish one."

"A foolish one," explained the other, throwing on the table a leathern purse, "There are fifty guineas, which I am content to lose, if, before the hour is ended, I do not succeed in showing you the form of any one of your friends, and, after you have recognized him, you will let him press his dead lips against yours."

We all looked at each other; but my young neighbor, in a mocking manner, replied:

"You will do that—will you?"

"Yes," said the other, "if you will pay a similar sum if you lose."

After a short silence the young man said gaily:

"Fifty guineas, my worthy sorcerer, are more than a poor college student ever possessed; but here are five, which, if you are satisfied, I shall be willing to wager."

The other took up his purse, saying in a scornful tone:

"I see, young gentleman, you wish to draw back."

"I draw back!" exclaimed the student. "Well, if I had fifty guineas you should see whether I wish to do so."

"Here," said I, "are four guineas which I will stake on your wager."

No sooner had I made this proposition than the rest of the company, attracted by the singularity of the affair, came forward to lay down their money, and in a minute or two the fifty guineas were subscribed.

The gentleman was so sure of winning that he placed all the money in the student's hands and prepared for the experiment.

We selected for the purpose a small summer house in the garden, perfectly isolated, and having no means of exit but by a door and a window, which we carefully fastened, after placing the young man within, together with writing materials on a small table.

We remained outside with the gentleman amongst us.

In a slow, solemn manner, he began to chant the following lines:

> What riseth slow from the ocean caves and the stormy surf?
> The phantom pale sets his blackened foot on the fresh green turf.

"You asked to see your friend, Francis Villier, who was drowned three years ago, off the coast of South America; what do you see?"

"I see," replied the student, "a white light arising near the window; but it has no form."

We (the spectators) remained profoundly silent.

"Are you afraid?" asked the gentleman.

"I am not," replied the student firmly.

Then, after a moment's pause, the elder commenced by three stamps on the ground, muttering:

> And the phantom white, whose clay-cold face was once so fair,
> Dries with his shroud his clinging vest and his sea-tossed hair.

Once more the solemn question:

"You, who would see revealed the mysteries of the tomb—what do you see now?"

The answer came:

"I see the cloud take a form—its head is covered with a long veil—it stands still!"

"Are you afraid?"

"I am not."

With strange and frantic gestures the gentleman then chanted:

> And the phantom said to the smoking roor, I come from the south,
> Put thy hand on my hand—thy heart on my heart—thy mouth on my mouth.

"What do you see?" he asked.

"He comes—he pursues me—he is stretching out his hand—'tis Francis Villiers—he will have me! Help, help! Save me!"

"Are you afraid now?" asked the other, in a mocking voice.

A piercing cry, then a stifled groan, are the only replies to the question.

"Help that rash youth," said the gentleman, walking away rapidly; "let him keep his money and be wiser in the future."

We opened the door of the summer house and found the student in convulsions. A paper signed "Francis Villiers" was lying on the table.

As soon as the student's senses were restored he asked, vehemently, where was that vile sorcerer—he would kill him! He sought him throughout the inn; then, with the speed of a madman, he started across the fields in pursuit of him.

The dark-faced man paused, as if his story was concluded and took a long pull at his tumbler of punch.

"Well?" said I.

"Well?" said he, nonchalantly.

"There is something more, isn't there? The story is not quite ended?"

"Quite," said he.

"I—I don't understand. How did it end?"

"End!" he cried. "It did not end. Neither of them ever turned up. They had simply humbugged us out of our money by a villainous dodge. I told you the Cork people were artless and innocent very!" *Redpath's Weekly.*

How Medicine is Taken.

It is to be feared that to most people medicine is not an erudite science or a learned art, but is little more than the commonplace administration of physic. They cannot understand medicine without drugs, and its virtue and power are popularly measured by the violence of its operations. Its very name is, in ordinary parlance, synonymous with physic. Take from it its pills and potions, and for them you take away its whole art and mystery. They do not believe in a scheme of treatment, however deep-laid and skillful, which does not include a certain statutory dosage. So that, as a rule, medical men are practically compelled to give their patients a visible object of faith in some form of physic, which may be at most designed to effect some very subordinate purpose. And it is remarkable how strongly; even among the educated classes, this feeling prevails. Cures by the administration of mixtures and boluses is so fixed and ancient a tradition that it is only very slowly that the world will give it up. The anxiety of the friends of the patients wants to do more than follow the simple direction of "nursing," which have been so carefully indicated, and possesses apparently so little remedial power. There is nothing of the unknown about them in which a fluttering hope of great advantage can nestle. Thus it is necessary to educate the world into a belief in medicine apart from drugs, which finds its power of curing in adaptation of the common conditions of life and applications of physiological facts—a medicine which takes into its hands the whole life, and orders and fashions its every detail with scientific definiteness. It is found in every-day practice that this popular misunderstanding of the modern spirit of medicine constantly checks the little tentative advances of a more scientific treatment, and it is necessary that it should be generally understood how powerfully the various processes of the economy may be effected by the manipulation of the condition of common life.—*British Quarterly Review.*

At a theater in Dublin a gentleman requested a man in front of him to sit down, adding, sarcastically, "I suppose that you are aware, sir, that you are not opaque." "I shall sit down when it suits me," was the response, "and if you want to handle my name, mind it's not O'Paque at all, but Mr. O'Brien."

They were in the parlor, and she was playing the piano and singing the new song, "Oh, Where Have the Old Folks Gone?" He wanted to be funny, and said: "Guess they're gone to bed by this time." "Don't you be so sure about that," answered the charming girl; "pa may be out in the back yard at this moment, letting the dog loose."

"There are five persons in the car and only four fares in the box!" said the car-driver, as he opened the door. All the passengers looked up and at each other, and a man who sat reading a paper slowly turned to his wife and queried: "Why, dear, didn't you pay your own fare when you got on? You are becoming very absent-minded.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Englishmen like their strawberries very fresh. Frenchmen wisely believe that they are improved by a day's staleness, and prefer to send them to market in jars rather than in baskets. The shaking up of the jars brings out their flavor, just as frying brings out that of a banana.

A Lady's Perfect Companion.

PAINLESS CHILDBIRTH, a new book, tells how any woman may become a mother without suffering any pain whatever. It also tells how to prevent and overcome morning sickness, swelled limbs, and all other evils attending pregnancy. Physicians highly recommend it as the wife's true private companion. Send two-cent stamp for full descriptive circular, testimonials, and confidential letter sent in sealed envelope. Address, FRANK THOMAS & CO., Pubs, Baltimore, Md. Jan10-p3m.-1y.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOWS SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents per bottle. July 14, 1yr.

$66 a week at home $5.00 outfit free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute, certainty, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

GLEANINGS.

Nearly 1,000,000 people received charitable aid in Great Britain the past year.

A two-year-old child at Gainesville, Ga., can already repeat the entire alphabet.

The twenty-five firms who publish school books in this country do a business of about $8,000,000 a year.

Mrs. Louisa S. Vaught, of Freehold, N. J., who died recently, left $70,000 to a number of evangelical societies.

A petition has been presented to the Connecticut Legislature asking for the passage of a law prohibiting the use of tobacco in the public schools.

Deputy United States Marshal Gumroper, of Springfield, Mo., undertook to light a fire with kerosene. It didn't kill him, but he won't do it again.

A disagreeable witness in a Black Hills court got a stinging blow under the ear as he left the box, the defendant in the case performing the suggestion.

Germany is going in heavily for beet root culture. Ninety new factories were started last year and nearly as many are in course of construction.

Thirty-three thousand deaths from diphtheria occurred in the province of Kharkof, the southern part of European Russia, between the years of 1871 and 1882.

Beecher's double, the man who goes to theatres and gets the Brooklyn pastor's name in the papers, is John Wyman. Their resemblance is very striking.

Arthur Peel, son of the late Sir Robert Peel, will probably be the next Speaker in the English House of Commons. He is 54 years old, and is of stately presence.

A French scribbler, writing of Queen Victoria and her late gillie, Brown, has had the indecency to say that she takes her second widowhood even harder than the first.

In the woods of Belmont, N. H., is living a married woman of thirty years, who wears overalls and chops wood with her husband, averaging a cord of wood a day.

It is said that Gladstone's private life is wholly above suspicion. His home at Hawarden Castle is as happy as any in England. He has no petty vices and no eccentricities.

A negro in Virginia who has been tried for abducting a white girl cries that it is "mighty hard to sen' a cullurd man to the pen'tenshary 'cause a white gal runs arter him."

The Ogallala Cattle Company, of Omaha, which bought 45,000 head, has taken also the Bosler herd of 45,000 for $125,000. The company now has over 100,000 head and $3,000,000 invested.

Mrs. Franks, the first woman to land on Galveston Island, then inhabited only by sand-crabs, and the mother of the first white child born there, is still alive and hale and hearty, though at an advanced age.

A Des Moines intelligence office has received an order for a cook to go to Colorado. The person writing says: "There are ten men here to one woman, and a good cook can get large wages an' a husband."

A Utica gentleman relates that he once asked Theodore Parker, who was dining with him, a question concerning Wendell Phillips' orthodoxy, and Mr. Parker replied: "I do not care to say that he believes or rejects 'the five points,' but I will say that he practices one of them—the perseverance of the saints—which is much better than a belief in the other four."

At hunt breakfasts in England the table has rolls, toast, omelettes, kidneys, bacon, eggs and sausages, the sideboard having game and tongues. The tea and coffee of the table are sometimes neglected for the wines and liquors of the sideboard. Refreshments are usually taken out to ladies, and frequently to gentlemen who do not care to dismount.

"What become of Pettyfog that uster live here?" asked a visitor of Gilpin at the store Saturday night. "Oh, he located in a Western town, practicing law." "How does he get along? Is he successful?" "Not very. He has never won a suit yet." "No, that is, not a whole one. He won a hat on Ohio last fall and a pair of boots on New York. But that's as near a suit as he ever got."

Not only in Paris, but in Germany, and in fact throughout Europe, the cry of the unemployed is rising high. Holland is much troubled with it at present. In both Amsterdam and Rotterdam there is a large amount of labor eager but unable to get work, and driven into destitution. In Amsterdam the government has devised some temporary work and in Rotterdam 2,000 of the "disinherited" have issued a protest against the subvention of the opera by the municipality during this distress.

In the shadow of a tall blue granite shaft in Oak Hill Cemetery, near Kirkwood, Mo., stands a small headstone of the same material bearing the inscription: "Our Dog Shep." This memorial is in accordance with the wishes of George C. Hammond, whose last will and testament made ample provision for the dog's comfort in life, care and medical attendance in sickness, and final repose at his master's feet. Too much rich food cut "Shep" off untimely, but a doctor, a shroud, a coffin and a tombstone have all combined to preserve his memory.

Thirty years ago a peddler made his appearance in Pittsburg under the name of John Foley. He was industrious, but seemingly poor. He died about a year ago at the age of eighty. His estate was found to be worth about $23,000, and his will developed the fact that his right name was John Johnson. He left his property to four children, wherever they could be found. The search for the heirs was for a long time unavailing, but it has at length resulted in the discovery of some of them. Why Johnson left Ireland and how he got his wealth remain a mystery.

A correspondent of the Worcester *Spy*, in an account of a conversation he once had with Wendell Phillips, says: "I asked him if he had any pleasure in fighting, if contest gave him any satisfaction. He said 'not a bit,' that he hated fighting, and was the very last man who ought to have to do it, 'but,' he added, 'when I was in college one of my classmates found fault with me for always standing up for any person or thing that was denounced;' he said: 'Say anything against a man, and up jumps Phillips to defend him, no matter whether the man is right or wrong, or whether Phillips knows anything about him or not, it is enough for him that the man is attacked.' 'Now,' said Mr. Phillips, 'I thought that the best compliment ever paid me; and I suppose it was the bent of my character to defend anything that was attacked.'"

"FOX'S BOOK OF MARTYRS" contains many frightful stories of most agonizing suffering. But nothing, either in story or picture, can be more distressful than the sharp, severe, shooting pains daily and nightly endured by those who are martyrs to that most terrible torment, Neuralgia. To get rid of this martyrdom is the first business of all who suffer.

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ATHLOPHOROS operates on the blood, muscles, and joints; and dissolving the acids that cause Rheumatism, removes them from the system.

ATHLOPHOROS is pronounced by all who have tried it an infallible specific for these obstinate and painful diseases.

Read the testimony of one of the sufferers. David Little, Sumner, Benner Co., Iowa, writes:

"I am past 77 years of age, have had the Rheumatism three years and eight months; lost one-third of my weight; could not walk, but shuffled along on crutches; could not sleep; nerves shattered, no strength in my hands, wrists, knees or feet. But thanks be to God for your great discovery! The medicine arrived Saturday night. I took a dose Sunday morning, felt it all over me, and kept on with it. Monday morning I got up and dressed myself, and walked out into the kitchen without the aid of crutch or cane, and wished them all a happy New Year. I rest well nights, am gaining in strength, and once more enjoy life. Wish I could put ATHLOPHOROS in the hands of every sufferer from this terrible disease."

If you cannot get ATHLOPHOROS of your druggist, we will send it express paid, on receipt of regular price—one dollar per bottle. We prefer that you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it, do not be persuaded to try something else, but order at once from us as directed.

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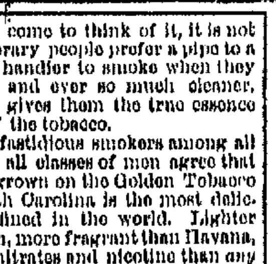
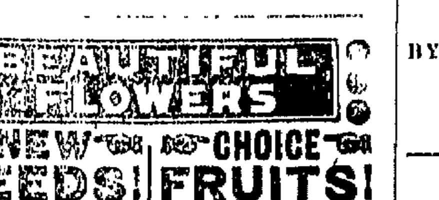


When you come to think of it, it is not odd that literary people prefer a pipe to a cigar. It is handier to smoke when they are writing, and ever so much cleaner. And then it gives them the true essence and flavor of the tobacco.

The most fastidious smokers among all nations and all classes of men agree that the tobacco grown on the Golden Tobacco Belt of North Carolina is the most delicious and refined in the world. Lighter than Turkish, more fragrant than Havana, freer from nitrates and nicotine than any other, it is just what the connoisseur praises and the habitual smoker demands. The very choicest tobacco grown on this Belt is bought by Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co., and appears in their celebrated Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco. It is known the world over. Get the genuine, with Bull trade-mark, then you will be sure of having absolutely pure tobacco.



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Legal Notice.

The undersigned Trustees of the Methodist Episcopal Church Society, of the village of Spring Mountain, in Coshocton county, Ohio hereby give notice, that on the 11th day of March, 1884, they filed their petition in the Court of Common Pleas of Coshocton county, Ohio, asking for authority to sell the following real estate situate in the village of Spring Mountain, in the county of Coshocton, Ohio, held in trust for said Religious Society to-wit: Lot numbered four (4), in the village of Spring Mountain, (formerly called Van Buren) as the same is marked and delineated on the recorded plat of said village.

Said petition will be for hearing on the first day of the April Term, A. D., 1884, of said Court, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard.

SILAS MOORE,
JOHN W. WINSLOW,
JOHN F. HASTINGS,
ISAAC BAKER,
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Mar15.

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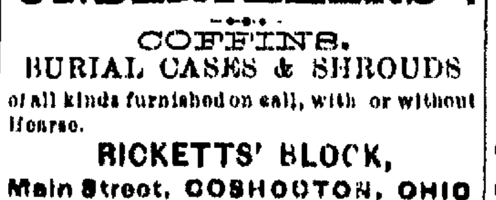

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The Board of School Examiners of Coshocton county, will meet at the

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COR. THIRD & SYCAMORE STS.,

COSHOCTON, OHIO,

Second and fourth Saturdays of March, April September, October, November, and December, and on the fourth Saturday the remaining months of the year.

Examinations will commence promptly at

—NINE O'CLOCK, A. M.—

Each applicant will be required to pay to the Board of Examiners, before entering upon examination, a fee of

—FIFTY CENTS.—

Applicants are also required to furnish a stamped envelope with their address written thereon, on which the result of their examination will be forwarded to them by mail.

Farm For Sale.

One of the best Agricultural and Stock Farms in Caldwell county, situate 4 miles west and 2 miles south of Kingston, and 1½ miles east of Mirable, containing 310 acres. 140 acres in the farm proper, and 100 acres of timber and blue grass pasture land, 40 acres of it fenced; has 2 good dwelling houses, one has 10 rooms and a cellar, a good barn and other out buildings; the other one has 6 rooms (one not finished), stable, crib, etc., and the finest bearing pple orchard of select fruit in the county, of about 8 acres. A healthy and beautiful location, and in a good neighborhood. Will sell the farm of 210 acres with 40 or 60 acres of timber at prices according to division, or the 310 acres as previously advertised, or will divide it into two farms, and prices to suit each one. Will give possession at any time. Title perfect. See diagram of land at this office. For further particulars call on or address, ELIAS LANKFORD, Feb2-3m. Mirabile, Mo.

B. F. SELLS'

LIVERY STABLE,

In rear of Central House,

Main Street, Coshocton, O

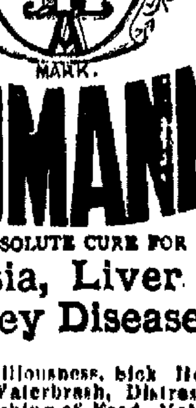
Having a good stock of sound, young traveling horses, substantial and fashionable carriages, I am prepared to accommodate the public at all times, at reasonable rates, with Buggies, Carriages, and Saddle Horses.

Horse Feed and Stalls Always Ready

Superintending my business in person, and keeping the best of employees, I am prepared to feed and take the best of care of horses entrusted to my charge, at reasonable rate Give me a call. B. F. SELLS.

HOLDSTEINS

TRADE



MARK.

AROMANNA

AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR

Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Diseases.

Indigestion, Billousness, Sick Headache, Heartburn, Waterbrash, Distress after Eating, Belching of Food, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, Blood Purifier, Etc.

This purely vegetable preparation surpasses any medicine recommended for the above diseases. Give it a trial. Price, 25 and 75 cents.

For Coughs, Colds, Croup and Throat Affections, use DU LAC'S SWISS BALSAM. It never fails. Contains no morphia or opium. Price, 25 and 75 cents.

To prove their merits I don't say to you buy (as others do), but I say to you try a sample bottle, FREE, at J. F. COMPTON'S, Coshocton, Ohio.

G. HOLDSTEIN, Proprietor, Woodbury, N. J.

Mar26-1y.

T. C. TAYLOR & CO.,

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

224 N. COMMERCIAL STREET,

Saint Louis, Missouri.

☞ SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO FILLING ORDERS FOR

Corn, Oats, Bran & Wheat.

Correspondence Solicited.

Feb2-3mo.

PATENTS

E. M. MARBLE,

(Late Commissioner of Patents,)

Obtains patents for inventions in this and foreign countries. Will also attend to patent cases in the United States Courts. Office, 1 r Droit Building, Washington, D. C.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great Success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

TIME TABLE.

(PITTSBURGH, CINCINNATI & ST. LOUIS R'Y.)

PAN-HANDLE ROUTE.

(Corrected January 13th, 1884.)

Trains depart at P. C. and St. L. Ry. Depot at Coshocton, as follows:

GOING WEST.

	Depart.
Western Express	*12:42 p. m.
Mail Express	*5:27 p. m.
Cincinnati Express	*12:55 a. m.
Fast Line	†3:18 a. m.
Columbus Accommodation	†6:14 a. m.
Local Freight	†8:00 a m

GOING EAST.

	Depart.
Limited Express	*1:48 a. m
Day Express	*2:10 a. m.
Eastern Express	*10:10 a. m.
Fast Line	*2:12 p. m.
Dennison Accommodation	†7:10 p. m.
Local Freight	†12:50 p m

*Every day. †Except Sunday.

Through coaches from Coshocton to Pittsburgh, Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and St. Louis.

Pullman Palace sleeping cars from Coshocton to Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York Columbus, Dayton, Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and St. Louis.

For time tables, rates of fare, through tickets and further information regarding the running of trains, apply to W. B. Parrish, Ticket Agent, Coshocton, O.

Trains run by Central Standard time, which is 28 minutes slower than Coshocton time.

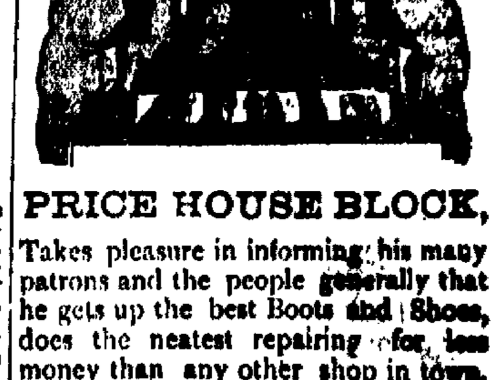
JAS. McCREA, Manager, Columbus, O. — E. A. FORD, Gen. Pass. & Tick't Agt, Pittsburgh, Pa.

An Only Daughter Cured of Consumption.

When death was hourly expected, all remedies having failed, and Dr. H. James was experimenting with the many herbs of Calcutta, he accidentally made a preparation which cured his only child of Consumption. His child is now in this country, and enjoying the best of health. He has proved to the world that Consumption can be positively and permanently cured. The Doctor now gives this recipe free, only asking two 2-cent stamps to pay expenses. This Herb also cures Night Sweats, Nausea of the Stomach, and will break up a fresh cold in twenty-four hours. Address CRADDOCK & Co., 1,032 Race Street, Philadelphia, naming this paper.

GEO. T. KAGLE

The People's Shoemaker.



PRICE HOUSE BLOCK,

Takes pleasure in informing his many patrons and the people generally that he gets up the best Boots and Shoes, does the neatest repairing for less money than any other shop in town. Call and examine work and prices and be convinced.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

CORRESPONDENCE.

Plainfield.

Jacob Parker, who left this town with his family for Michigan about the first of March, died at the residence of his son-in-law, R. V. Platt, near Muskegon, that State, last week. We are sorry to hear of Mr. Parker's death so soon after leaving Plainfield. The citizens here considered, when Mr. Parker left, that we had lost a good citizen, an honest man and a first-class miller.

The Republicans of this township met on Thursday last and put in nomination the following persons for township officers: Trustees, Daniel Tailor, Jos. Love, T. F. Magness; Treasurer, E. G. Abbot; Clerk, Sam Davis; Assessor, Albert Fowler; Constable, J. Magness, F. A. Stone; Justices of the Peace, Samuel Wiggins, Peter Hosick.

The Democrats held their convention on Saturday and nominated the the following: Trustees, J. T. Chadwell, J. L. Sicker and —— Buttencarger; treasurer, J. Criswell; clerk, C. A. Platt; assessor, Jim Rusk; constable, Lem Latham.

A few friends, relatives and some of his children gathered at the home of our old neighbor, John R. Williams, on last Wednesday, March 26, to celebrate his 82d birthday. A grand dinner was served and a good time had. Mr. Williams is the oldest man in the township except Mr. Joseph Heslip, and was one of its first citizens, having settled here about 1806.

Our town school closed last Friday —teachers, Stanley Sibley and Miss Ella Baker. Miss Lou Campbell closed her school at the "sand bank" on Saturday last with a picnic, dialogues, speeches, etc. Several visitors and a good time. Louisa is one of our first-class teachers.

Chas. Agnew has sold his farm here on Wills Creek, of about 95 acres, to Samuel Wyant for sixty dollars per acre.

The Plainfield Cornet Band will give the comedy drama entitled "A Soldier of Fortune," on Friday evening, April 11. Admission 25c.

Avondale.

District schools have nearly all closed.

E. E. Tife, of Wellsville, O., has been visiting G. A. Daugherty the past few days. They both return to college this week.

J. C. Boyd goes to Mt. Union this week to take a commercial course.

W. A. Daugherty was home from Millersburg last week, and assisted in the concert.

The population of Avondale was nearly all briskly engaged in moving Tuesday.

Mr. Ford Graham will return to Minnesota this week, after an extended visit among relatives and friends.

The concert given last Thursday night was entertaining, and reflected credit on Prof. Benbow. The orchestra music, under the direction of Frank Glover, was the best ever given in this place.

This town was thrown in excitement Saturday evening by the announcement that Chas. Patterson, a section hand under Judd Messmore, had fallen from the hand car while running fifteen miles an hour, and killed himself. His head struck one of the rails and broke the spinal cord, causing almost instant death. The funeral took place Monday. He leaves a wife and one child to mourn his loss.

Orange.

On the night of the 2d inst., the fine dwelling house of Mr. George McFarland was burned to the ground. Reports say there is nothing but the chimney standing. Particulars not yet learned.

Squire T. W. Culberson is still quite low. B.

Moscow.

The Cornet Band attended the surprise birthday supper at J. Middleton's last Wednesday evening, the occasion being Mrs. M.'s 45th birthday. Thirty present.

The Moscow Dramatic Company gave an entertainment at McCurdy's school house on the eve of the 29th to a full house. OCCASIONAL.

From Iowa.

SEYMOUR, IOWA, March 25.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE AGE:—While I was visiting at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, I met a Rev. Mr. McDowell, an old gentleman in his eighty-seventh year. He preached in the M. E. Church at Roscoe, the years of 1829 and 1830. He saw the first canal boat that passed through Roscoe. He mentioned the names of a number of people that lived there at that time, but, as nearly as I could remember, none of them are now living except Mr. Ludlow Cooper, of Keene township. Thinking this will be an item of interest to you readers I am,

Very resp'y, WILL J. GLOVER.

The Cannon Ball Route.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE AGE:—In view of the active work going on east and west of Coshocton to secure the building of the Mt. Vernon, Coshocton & Wheeling Railroad, the question is asked, "What is the town of Coshocton doing?" Over a year has now elapsed since committees were appointed. A meeting was called at Uhrichsville on Thursday, the 27th, and not a representative present, except Mr. F. E. Barney, whose interest, I take it, is Roscoe. The directors at Coshocton, were not even present. This, gentlemen, is not business. There may be a good excuse for the directors, they, no doubt, feeling that as individuals, they have already done their duty, having already spent valuable time and a great deal of money, Coshocton not having contributed a farthing toward helping these gentlemen carry the enterprise for over two years they may feel if no interest is taken by the citizens, why need they care? This is the way it looks to me, and I have no doubt it does to others.

That this road is going to be built and that soon, no sane man that has kept himself posted on the railroad question in this State can deny. The Chicago & Atlantic, a new road, just finished within the past two years, of 275 miles, and the same interests working at projects east of the Ohio river, from Pittsburgh to Wheeling and from Harrisburg to Wheeling, the proposed Vanderbilt scheme, can this link be left out? The bridge across the Ohio river is now being built.

The Wheeling & Lake Erie will be pushed through to Wheeling in all human probability the present season. The gap to fill then, is less than 150 miles. That will make an air line from Chicago to Pittsburgh, as well as Wheeling, through one of the finest iron and coal fields in Ohio. Already have there been propositions within 30 days to form a syndicate to build this road on the conditions that the local aid shall be $5,000 per mile and a free right of way. This is a fulfillment of the proposition that the company can build the road. While such is the case, can the citizens of Coshocton sit idly by and see this road built north of them? I know Coshocton people laugh at this idea; but, gentlemen, there is a good line, and from Warsaw to Newcomerstown from one to five miles in distance can be saved, and expensive bridges and trestling and costly right of way through Roscoe can be avoided.

Here let me say this company is not fooling its time away. Every step taken has been with care The line is being graded, the pickets are all out, and nothing but the treachery, trickery or imbecility of the people can prevent its being built.

It is time, gentlemen, for you to wake up. I predict that the whole project will soon pass out of the hands of the present managers and contracts be made for its construction. Can we afford to lose the road? This we will most assuredly do unless we put our hands in our pockets and help the directors. Ten thousand dollars in cash ought to be placed at their disposal at once.

Transfers of Real Estate.

Mary Scott to Henry Thompson, 40 acres in Oxford township, for $1,400.

T. J. Morford to Franklin Wantling, 20 acres in Perry township, for $950.

Isaac M. Smith to Rachel Bible et. al, 27 acres in Keene tp., for $2,166.

Abraham Weatherwax to George Weatherwax, one-half interest for $4,500.

Daniel Evarhart to Margeret J. Denzer, 50 acres in Adams tp., for $3,000.

John Addy to Elizabeth Van Sickle et al, quit claim to 40 acres in Oxford tp., for $600.

Horace A. Shaver to Chas. E. Kimball, 85 acres in Washington and Virginia tps., for $3,000.

Jos. R. Tingle to Moses Dawson, 5 acres in Franklin tp., for $240.

Edwin D. Fox to E. H. Lazelle. 14 acres in Clark tp. for $700.

Richard Besst to Louisa Murphy, lots 140 and 141 in Canal Lewisville, for $425.

Aaron T. Richcreek to David W. Richcreek, 40 acres in Bedford tp., for $1,300.

Alexander Loveless, executor, to Jonathan R. Fisher, 43-100 of an acre in Adams tp., for $1,153.

Magdalene Aschbaker to Valerian Brecht, quit claim to tract of land in Franklin tp., for $550.

Joseph W. Curtis to John Darr, 40 acres in Monroe tp. for $1,800.

Adam Frederick to David Frederick, 140 acres in Clark tp., for $3,500.

William Gray to 'Squire B. Palmer 10 acres in Jackson tp., for $600.

John Mardis to Joseph Fletcher, 70 acres in Oxford tp. for $3,000.

David Rolston to William S. Rolston, 103 acres in Bedford tp., for $3,000.

James Magness to Jason Babcock 1-5 acre in Plainfield Linton tp., for 100.

Martin Clark to A. J. Mills et. al. 76 acres in Perry tp., for 3,450.

A. J. Mills to Mary E. Morford, 7 acres in Perry tp., for 1,625.

Clerk's Office.

New cases:

Minnie B. Wilson vs William J. Wilson, petition for divorce.

Catherine Strock vs John J. Bickel et al., action to set aside a will.

Alice Collins vs Samuel Collins, petion for divorce.

DEAD CHINAMEN.

How the Bodies of Those Dying in America Are Taken to China.

We have on board, living and dead, some twelve hundred Chinamen. The living ones are going home to spend in China the modest fortune they have made in California. The dead are going home to be buried in the company of their ancestors. No one can say how many dead we have on board, though the original number is being added to from day to day. Even the purser does not know; though he might, if he liked, tell how many coffins have been regularly entered as freight by the six companies of San Francisco. These companies were instituted with the object of directing and profiting by the immigration of the Chinese to California. Apart from other payments a Chinaman subscribes $2 to the six companies on arriving at San Francisco, and from $2 to $6 on returning. In consideration of these payments the companies undertake in the event of sickness to provide medical aid, and in case of death to embalm the body and ship it to Hong Kong. The companies are, in fact, a kind of sick and burial society. On a hill at San Francisco, overlooking the bay and the Golden Gate, is a small unkempt inclosure known as the Chinese cemetery. But it is merely a temporary resting-place for the bones of the tired dead man. It is in his bond that, sooner or later, he shall be laid at rest in his native village, in convenient contiguity to his ancestors, and the six companies dare no more, in the least considerable case, refuse to meet this engagement than the Bank of England dare refuse to cash one of its £5 notes. It is whispered among the outer barbarians that the six companies are not asleep to opportunities of reducing their liabilities. If they have on their books a man sinking from consumption —a dire disease among the Chinese immigrants—they make haste to ship him off. If he dies in San Francisco it will cost the companies, from first to last, 20 shillings. If he is got on board and passes out through the Golden Gate into another world, the cost of embalming the body falls on other shoulders. If the man has money the amount is deducted from his possessions. If he has not, the poorest Chinaman on board will subscribe to the fund necessary to secure his embalmment. In either case the cost is only $30, of which the purser takes $12.50, the doctor who does the work receives an equal sum, and the odd $5 are distributed among the members of the crew who handle the coffin. A dead Chinaman is with grotesque realism called a "stiff," and the number of "stiffs" on a voyage is the measure of the financial prosperity of purser, doctor, and petty officers. On a good voyage I have been told, there have been as many as sixteen "stiffs," representing $480.

These steamers always take out a stock of coffins. They are stored in the boats on deck, and should anything happen to the vessel and we had to take to the boats we must first hand out the coffins, some full, others empty. A Chinese coffin has an unaccustomed look, which relieves the boatloads from much of their ghastliness. They look like trunks of trees hollowed, squared, and with the ends stopped up. They are not shaped with the stiff formality of the Western coffin, and are, to my mind, infinitely preferable. Generally the deaths are viewed with stolid indifference by the Chinese. There is one more bunk empty, one mouth the less to feed, and the purser and the doctor have another handful of dollars. But when there is a family and one is taken the commotion is considerable. There was an old, dried-up Chinese lady from Demarara, said to be 80 years of age. She was hastening home to dwell forever with kith and kin, but could not hold out, and died on the tenth day. One night she predicted her death on the following day, had herself dressed in grave-clothes, and lay quietly awaiting the tryst she had made, and which death for his part faithfully kept. When the coffin was carried out to be placed with the rest in the boat, her sons and daughters and grandchildren followed it with great weeping and wailing, in which their sympathetic countrymen, playing dominoes on the deck, heartily joined. When the sailcloth was drawn over the newest coffin, sons, daughters, and grandchildren went back to pipes and tea, the players returned to their dominoes, and the yellow, wrinkled old lady in the white grave-clothes seemed to pass from memory. The reason why uncertainty exists as to the precise number of dead bodies on board arises from the friendly habits of the Chinese. They will cheerfully pack up the bones of a compatriot in a red pocket-handkerchief, or place them as the last layer in a trunk containing their best clothes, and so give them free passage home.—*Cor. London Daily News.*

A Little Romance.

A romance of peculiarly characteristic flavor was related to the *Graphic* correspondent regarding a member of the family of the Hon. W. E. Chandler, Secretary of the Navy. The lady in the case is a charming Connecticut girl of respectable but poor parents. The young man is the son of the New Hampshire statesman and politician, his name being the same as that of his distinguished parent.

To commence aright, the young man, who is a half brother to the secretary's young family, was left by his great-aunt on his mother's side a fortune of $6,000. This was about the time (1877) he entered upon a course at Dartmouth college. He was graduated after four years' study, a portion of that time being also devoted to the ardent courtship of the charming Miss ——. His life at Dartmouth was that of any other young man of gay spirits and the reputation of belonging to a family of substance. In other words, his expenses for tuition and other necessaries amounted to some $1,500 per annum, for which he in due course drew on his father, the drafts being as promptly honored. He did not mention in his letters home the young lady whose image filled his dreams and whom he had asked to share his fortunes. But when he returned home and held his customary conversation with his father as to his future, he casually remarked that about the first thing he intended to do was to get married, naming the lady of his choice.

"But what have you got to marry upon?" asked the astute parent, who had other matrimonial plans for his oldest son.

"Well, $6,000 will do for a starter," was the reply. "I hope to make my way in the world about as you have done, sir, and I don't think you had a larger capital to commence upon."

"Wait a minute, young man," interrupted the older man, "you have no $6,000 to start with. You forget that you have been drawing on this sum for the last four years. There is about $50 to your credit at the present time."

What followed might not be exactly right to relate, but this much comes from a reliable source and is a necessary part of the chronicle. The first thing with which the public has any legitimate concern is the fact that the young man sought and obtained a position on the Concord railroad, a corporation occupying a strong position of antagonism to his father in the Granite State. He was appointed brakeman, and while serving in that capacity had abundant opportunities of seeing his father who had to use the line frequently when at home, and who often rode on the train on which his independent son acted as brakeman. Finally the young man found a more lucrative position on a Western road. He worked hard, rose to such circumstances that he felt justified in claiming the promise, renewed after his severance of relations with his family of Miss ——, and a few days ago they were married and proceeded to their Western home.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

Mar22-ly. frm.

LEARN in childhood, if you can, that happiness is not outside, but inside.

American Art.

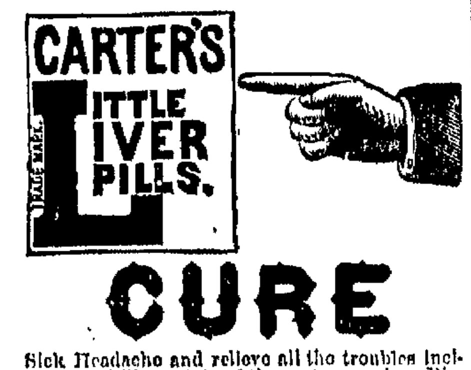
Photographs, Engravings, etc , can be exquisitely colored with Liquid Art Colors made from Diamond Dyes. Full directions for this beautiful art work, with a handsome colored cabinet photo sent to any address for 10 cents. Wells & Richardson Co., Burlington, Vt. 29-4t.

VOTE early!

"Like Hot Cakes."

The above is an old-time expression, and is nearly as "old as the hills," but yet is occasionally brought into good use, and placed in a position where it counts and adds great weight to the words accompanying it. This is true of the following testimonial sent to Dr. S. B. Hartman & Co, by Messrs., Parrott & Son, druggists, of Greenfield, Ohio, who say: "Send us some more advertising matter. Your medicine is selling like hot cakes. Send us a good supply, for we need it badly."

Those men know when they handle a good thing. Judging from the above, PERUNA must be in good demand in that country. Being composed purely of vegitable ingredients druggists reccommend them to their friends. Send for the pamphlet on the "Ills of Life."



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM

when applied by the finger into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflamation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores sense of taste and smell.

HAY-FEVER NOT A LIQUID OR SNUFF. A few applications relieve. *A thorough treatment will cure.* Agreeable to use. Send for circular. Price 50 cents, by mail or at druggists. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

Mar20-ly.

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

THE ELECTORS of the Village of Coshocton are hereby notified that an election will be held, at the usual voting place in said Village, on

MONDAY, the 7th day of April, 1884.

Between the hours of six o'clock A. M. and six o'clock P. M.

The following officers are to be chosen: Mayor, Marshal, Clerk, Treasurer, Street Commissioner, Three Councilmen and Cemetery Trustee.

Given at Coshocton this 24th day of March, 1884.

J. T. SIMMONS,
Mayor of said Village.

ALDEN'S MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA.

Over 300,000 subjects and 5,000 illustrations, numerous maps, 20 volumes, large octavo, $25; cheaper edition, $15.00. Specimen pages free. 500,000 Volumes choice Books—descriptive catalogue free. Books for examination before payment on evidence of good faith. NOT sold by dealers—prices too low. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 18 Vesey St., New York, P. O. Box 1227.

TO CLEANSE THE SKIN, Scalp, and Blood of Itching, Scaly, Pimply, Copper Colored, Scrofulous, Inherited, and Contagious Humors, Blood Poisons, Ulcers, Abscesses, and Infantile Skin Tortures, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are infallible.

Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, Diuretic, and Aperient, expels disease germs from the blood and perspiration, and thus removes the cause. CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, restores the Complexion. CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, is indispensable in treating skin diseases, and for rough, chapped, or greasy skin, blackheads, blotches, and baby humors. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the only infallible blood purifiers and skin beautifiers.

Chas. Houghton, Esq., lawyer 28 State Street, Boston, reports a case under his observation for ten years, which covered the patient's body and limbs, and to which all known methods of treatment had been applied without benefit, which was completely cured solely by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, leaving a clean and healthy skin.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Stebbins, Belcherton Mass., write: Our little boy was terribly afflicted with Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and Erysipelas ever since he was born, and nothing we could give him helped him until we tried CUTICURA REMEDIES, which gradually cured him, until he now is as fair as any child.

H. E. Carpenter, Henderson, N. Y., cured of Psoriasis or Leprosy, of twenty years standing by CUTICURA REMEDIES. The most wonderful cure on record. A dustpanful of scales fell from him daily Physicians and his friends thought he must die. Cure sworn to before a justice of the peace and Henderson's most prominent citizens.

Mrs. S. E. Whipple, Decatur, Mich., writes that her face, head and some parts of her body were almost raw. Head covered with scabs and sores. Suffered fearfully and tried everything. Permanently cured by, the CUTICURA REMEDIES from a Skin Humor.

Sold by all Druggists. CUTICURA, 50 cents; RESOLVENT, $1.00; SOAP, 25 cents. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston Mass.

Send for "**How to Cure Skin Diseases.**"

CATARRH

SANFOD'S RADICAL CURE,

The Great Balsamic Distillation of Witch Hazel, American Pine, Canadian Fir, Marigold, Clover Blossom, etc.,

For the Immediate Relief and Permanent cure every form of Catarrh, from a Simple Head Cold or Influenza to the Loss of smell, Taste or Hearing, Cough, Bronchitis, and Incipient Consumption. Relief in five minutes in any and every case. Nothing like it. Grateful fragrant, wholesome. Cure begins from first application, and is rapid, radical, permanent and never failing.

One bottle Radical Cure one box Catarrhal Solvent and Sanford's Inhaler, all in one package, forming a complete treatment, of all druggists for $1.00. ASK FOR SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL Co., Bo ton.

PAIN IS THE CRY OF A SUFFERING NERVE **Collins' Voltaic Electric Plaster** instantly effects the Nervous System and banishes Pain. A perfect **Electric Battery Combined with a Porous Plaster for 25 cents.** It annihilates Pain, vitalizes Weak and Worn Out Parts, strengthens Tired Muscles, prevents Disease, and does more in one half the time than any other plaster in the world. Sold everywhere.

INSPECTOR'S REPORT

To the Honorable Judge of probate:
COSHOCTON COUNTY.

Sir:

By authority derived from you, officially bearing date the 28th day of March, 1884, and after being duly sworn according to law, I, W. R. Forker, as Inspector without previous notice or intimation to the County Treasurer, or any other person, of such intention, did forthwith enter into the county Treasury and proceeded immediately to count the moneys therein, and inspect the Books, Records and Vouchers thereof, together with all other property which should be in the custody of the Treasurer. In compliance with the law requiring certificates of such examination, I hereby certify that thirteen thousand, five hundred and ninety-four dollars and fifty cents was the exact amount of money so found and counted in the County Treasury, and that the statement annexed, which agrees with the books of the Auditor, presents the exact balances and over payments in each fund, and of property then in the custody of the Treasury

Respectfully submitted,
W. R. FORKER, Inspector.

March 29th, 1884.

FUNDS	Am't due Treasurer, from Mar. 3, 1884.	Orders redeem'd since March 3d, 1884.	Balances
County	$13,210 98	$1,989 72	$11,221 26
Poor	1,000 79	20 50	980 29
Bridge	....	446 03	....
Road Imp	....	122 00	....
Redemption	8 50	.....	8 50
Teachers' Inst	129 72	.....	129 72
Show License	36 80	.....	36 80
Peddlers Lic	14 00	.....	14 00
Sub Add	23 08	.....	23 08
Dog fund	3,706 66	205 60	3,501 06
Special	1,720 21	67 00	1,653 21
Totals	$19,940 74	$2,910 85	$17,567 02
Balance in Treasury			$9,880 82

The following amounts were overpaid: Bridge fund, $6,077 20; Road Imp, $1,000 00; making a total overpaid of $7 078 10.

At the semi-annual settlement, March 3d, 1884, the Bridge Fund was over-paid $6,281 17

And at same settlement the Road Fund was overpaid, $878 00.

The exact amount of money found in the Treasury, to-wit: $13,594 50, and the "Balance in Treasury," as shown at foot of column of "Balances," to-wit: $9,880 82, show a difference of overplus of $3,704 68, which is accounted for as follows: Since March 3d, there have been paid into the Treasury, on draft to the credit of the County Fund, $158 50, and to the credit of the Bridge Fund, $27 50. The balance, $3,518 68, being amount of taxes collected on June Duplicate of 1884, and not as yet distributed to the several funds.

There is in the Treasury a certificate of 1,263 shares of stock of the P., C. & St. L. Railroad, of the nominal value of $50 per share, which belongs to the county.

GLENS FALLS Insurance Statement.

STATE OF OHIO,
Insurance Department,
COLUMBUS, O., January 30th, 1884.

WHEREAS, The Glens Falls Insurance Company, located at Glens Falls, in the State of New York, has filed in this office a sworn Statement, by the proper officers thereof, showing its condition and business, and has complied in all respects with the laws of this State, relating to Fire Insurance Companies incorporated by other States of the United States,

NOW, THEREFORE, In pursuance of law I, Charles H. Moore, Superintendent of Insurance of the State of Ohio, do hereby certify, that said Company is authorized to transact its appropriate business of Fire Insurance in this State, in accordance with law, during the current year. The condition and business of said Company at the date of such statement, December 31st, 1883, is shown as follows,

Aggregate amount of available Assets	$1,323,011.71
Aggregate amount of liabilities, except capital, including re-insurance	461,059.69
Net Assets	862,552.02
Amount of actual paid up Capital	200,000 00
Surplus	662,552 02
Amount of income for the year in cash	585,921.81
Amount of expenditures for the year in cash	452,051 23

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name, and caused the Seal of my office to be affixed, the day and year above written.

[L. S.] CHARLES H. MOORE, Sup't.

W. H. ROBINSON, Agent, Coshocton, O.

LOOK OUT

AND DON'T

MISS IT!

Special! Special! !

SPECIAL SALE ON Carpets, CURTAINS AND Embroideries.

APRIL 4, 5 AND 7.

5 PER CENT Discount!

Come in and see our NEW GOODS and our NEW ROOM, (Newly Painted.)

We will display as many Goods as we can find time to arrange, and will deduct

5 PER CENT

From your purchase for these

Three Days Only.

You can save one year's interest on all you buy if you come to the

Bee Hive

NOTICE!

Because of the Condition of the Roads the Opening will Continue a few Days.

BIGGS & CRAWFORD.

NEW GOODS.

Largest Stock

In the County.

Ladies' Shoes of all the Modern Styles of America, all Widths and Prices.

Misses' & Children's Shoes,

Men's & Boy's Shoes,

Brogans and Plow Shoes.

The very latest Styles of

YOUNG MEN'S HATS,

And every other kind of Men's Hats.

We buy our Goods for Cash and sell them for Cash at extremely LOW PRICES, which enables us to save money for our customers and ourselves.

Call and see us, examine our Goods and learn our prices.

WRIGHT & STANFORD,

Triplett Block, - Main Street, - Coshocton, O

School Election Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given to the qualified electors of the Coshocton Union School District, that there will be an election held at the room occupied by the High School, in the North School Building, in Coshocton, on

Monday, April 7th, 1884,

Between the hours of two o'clock p. m. and five o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing two persons to serve as members of the Board of Education for three years.

By order of the Board.

G. H. BARGAR,
Clerk Board of Education.

MARKETS.

Coshocton Prices Current.

Corrected weekly by D. H. Mortley, Grocer, R. R. Corner.

Apples, green, per bushel	100
Apples, dried, per pound	5 to 6
Butter, per pound	20
Bacon, sides, per pound	9
Beans, per bushel	2 40 to 250
Beeswax, per pound	25
Chickens, per pair, spring	50
Corn Meal, per sack	25 to 50
Dried peaches, pared, per lb	10
Eggs per dozen	15
Flour per sack	1 55
Flour by Patent Process	1 85
Hams per pound Country	12
Honey per pound	15
Lard per pound	10
Onions, per bushel	40
Onion Sets, per bush	1 25
Potatoes per bushel new	40
Peaches, dried, per pound	6to7
Shoulders per pound	8
Salt per barrel	1 40
Tallow per pound	6 to 7

Subject to changes during the week.

Coshocton Grain Market.

WHEAT—Per bushel, white, old	85
WHEAT—Per Bushel, red, old	95
WHEAT—Per Bushel, No 1	1 00
CORN—	60
OATS—	40
RYE—	65
FLOUR—Per Barrel, XXX	$5 85
Per Sack, XX	1 40
MEAL—Per Bushel	90
BRAN—Per hundred	90
SHORTS—	1 00
CORN and OATS CHOP—	1 50
PATENT FLOUR—per sack	1 65

Pittsburg Market.

Corrected especially for the Coshocton AGE by R. Beatty, Son & Co., 163 Liberty Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Wholesale Produce Commission House, established 1860, receive and sell all kinds Country Produce, Domestic and Foreign Fruits and Vegetables. Shippers and country dealers having seasonable produce, etc , for sale, are invited to consign or correspond.

Country Produce.

APPLES—New, Choice, per bbl, 3 50a4 00 good, 3 00a3 50; medium, 2 50a300.

APPLE BUTTER—per gal, 50a65c; Apple Jelly, 8a 7c per lb.

BUTTER—Dairy, 21a23c; "Gilt Edge," 23a 25c; Creamery, 30a39c; Choice Roll, 22a20c; Extra Choice Roll, 23a21c; Medium, 12a10c.

DRIED FRUITS—Apples, sliced, 10a11c; do quarters, 6a7c, Peaches, halves, 6¼a7¾c reddo, 16a18c; pitted Cherries, 20a22c; Rasberries, 28a30c; Blackberries, 9a10c; per lb for all.

FEATHERS—Live Geese, per lb, 70a65c Mixed, 55a50c.

EGGS—Strictly Fresh, 16a18; pickled

HONEY.—York State 21 to 20; White Clover 20 to 22; Buckwheat 18a19.

ONIONS—Onions 100 a125 per bbl.

POULTRY—Live chickens 60 a75 c per pair for large; small chickens per pair 50a60, live turkeys per lb. 10a11c dressed chickens per lb 13a14c; dressed turkeys 16a18c dressed duck 12 13c.

POTATOES—Early rose, per bush. 40cts; Burbank 40c; other varieties 35c.

RAGS—Cotton, White per lb, 2¼c; Cotton, Mixed, 1a2¼c; Woolen, 1-4a¼c.

SEEDS—Timothy per bushel, 1 60a1 30 Clover, 6 00a6 25, for small; 6 25a6 50 for large.

TALLOW—Country 7a7¼c; Beeswax 23a25c per lb.

Grain, Flour, Feed, Etc.

WHEAT—Prime Red Winter, 1 10a112; Medium, 1 08a1 09.

CORN—High mixed Shelled, 58a61; Yellow Shelled, 56a58; Ear Corn, 58a62.

OATS—40a41c for white, 39a40c for mixed.

RYE—Choice, 62a67.

BARLEY—80a90 for Prime North-western Spring; 75c.a80 for Medium.

FLOUR—Fancy Patents, spring and winter 7 50a7 25;; Fancy St. Louis, winter, 7 50a7 25 Fancy Family White Amber and Winter, 6 00 a6 25; Choice Family, choice red winter, 6 00a 5 75; XX Family, medium winter, 5 50a5 75 XXX Bakers, Minnesota, 6 25a6 00; XX Bakers Wisconsin, 6 00a6 25; Cornmeal, 75a80c in paper. Oatmeal—medium brand—7 25a8 00 per bbl; Fancy, 7 75a8 00. Rye Flour, 4 50a4 25; buckwheat flour 3a3.

MILL FEED—White Middlings, 24 00a25 00; Coarse, do, 21 00a22 00; Seconds, 18 00a18 50;

HAY—Prime Timothy, baled, at 11 00a12 00 per ton. Prime New Loose, 10 00a14 00 Prairie 8 00a9 00

East Liberty Live Stock Markets

April 3, 1884.

The market for the week has been a constant drag, though the supply of all kinds of stock has been light. Cattle are quoted with varying latitude by different dealers owing, perhaps, to individual success in selling, or to the grade of animals being wide, and the same may be said of sheep. Some dealers say cattle were off 15 to 20 cents per cwt. from last week, while others think they brought about the same figures, generally speaking. The immediate prospect is as uncertain as that of the price of petroleum. Prices were as follows:

CATTLE—Best, 1300 to 1500 pounds $6 25a6 50; good, 1100 to 1200 pounds, 5 50a6 00; bulls and fat cows, $3 50a4 50, with a few extra good at 5 00; milk cows 35 00a50 00, with an extra fine animal now and then at 65 00; calves, 5 50a6 50.

HOGS—Philadelphias, 6 95a7 10; Yorkers, 6 25 a6 50; Baltimores 6 50a6 80; roughs, 4 10a5 00

SHEEP—Best, 6 00a6 25; fair to good, 5 05a6 00; common, 3 60a3 50, lambs, 4 70a6 50.

The Challenge Laundry,

LABOR SAVING SOAP,

SOLD BY

CHARLES SNYDER.

The best Soap in the market, read the following testimonials:

MR. CHARLES SNYDER:

I can recommend your Soap as being the best I have ever known. I had a red cashmere shawl, on which was a stain made by white paint eleven years ago, and I have tried time and again, without effect, to remove it. Your Soap took it out completely.

MRS. ELSON.
Coshocton, O , March 28, 1884.

January 26, 1884.

Have used the Barnerd & Co. Labor Saving Soap, and it proves to be as recommended. For cleaning house we think it without an equal.

C. M. BIBLE, Clerk Bethlehem Township.

ROSCOE, O , Feb. 29, 1884.

Having used Bernerd's Challenge Soap I cheerfully recommend it as being far the best soap I have ever used, and as being reliable for all that is claimed for it.

H. M. SMITH.

ROSCOE, March 6, 1884. Having used the Bernerd challenge Laundry Soap, we think it the best we have ever had in our family. For washing, cleaning wood work, or for other use we would not do without it.

MRS. WILL FREDERICK

ROSCOE, Feb. 28.—Having used the above soap I cheerfully recommend it as being far the best soap I have ever used, and as being reliable for all that is claimed for it.

W. H. NELDON.

HELMICK, January 14.—This certifies that I am a painter by trade, and that I had a pair of overalls covered with paint, and they were completely cleaned with challenge soap by your agent, Mr. Chas. Snyder.

JOHN CROSS, Justice of the Peace.

HELMICK, Jan. 2, 1884.—Have used the soap and can cheerfully recommend it

SOLOMON INFIELD.

Receipts for making this soap can be secured of

CHARLES SNYDER,

Helmick, Coshocton County Ohio.

Price for Receipt, $1; sent by mail.

Mar20-3m.

Connotton Valley R. R. Time Card.

CHANGE OF TIME.

On and after SUNDAY, December 9, the trains on the line of this Railway will arrive and depart from Coshocton, as follows:

Standard Time 33 minutes slower than Cleveland Time.

Leave Coshocton.		Arrive, Cleveland.	
Express	4:42 a m	Express	9:47 a m
Mail	2:37 p m	Mail	7:07 p m
Local Freight	6:17 a m	Local Fr't Arr Canton	11:02 p m
Leave Cleveland.		**Arrive Coshocton.**	
Mail	7:02 a m	Mail	11:57 a m
Express	3:42 p m	Express	8:37 p m
Local Freight Canton	12:02 p m	Local Freight	7:15 p m

Trains arrive and depart from New Passenger Depot, Cleveland, one thousand feet from Public Square.

SAM. BRIGGS, Rec'r. & Gen. Man'r. Cleveland, O.

H. B. DUNHAM, Gen Pass Ag't. Canton, O.

ALBERT KOEHLER, Ass't. Gen. Pass Ag't. Cleveland, O.

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